Frontier Times

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS:

Ben Dragoo's Race for Life . . . . . Page 1
Texas Rangers Were First to Use Six-Shooters . Page 5
The Lone Star Flag of Texas . . . . . Page 6
Indian Raids in West Texas . . . . . Page 8
Reunion of a Pioneer Family at Ballinger . . Page 10
Shot with a Poisoned Arrow . . . . . Page 11
Hunting Buffalo on the Little Wichita . . Page 12
Texas and Nacogdoches of Unknown Origin . Page 14
Horrible Massacre Described by a Survivor . Page 16
Trail of Blood Along the Texas Border . . . Page 20
A Survivor of the Mier Expedition . . . . Page 23
J. C. Bryant Has Had Eventful Career . . Page 24
Bloody Career of Billy the Kid . . . . . Page 26
Reconstruction Days in San Antonio . . . Page 28
A Plea for County Historical Societies . . Page 30
Killing of Lieutenant Carter. . . . . Page 31

Published Monthly at Bandera, Texas, by J. Marvin Hunter

NOTICE!

The inside covers of the first three issues of the original Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES were unused—which affords us a chance to welcome our Charter Subscribers and to explain a few matters of importance about the facsimiles.

One, Western Publications has only *one* complete set of the old FRONTIER TIMES and it is from this set that your facsimile copies are being reproduced. Over the years we have tried to complete a second set (just in case something happened to the first) but so far we have been unsuccessful. We still lack Vol. I, Nos. 1 and 3; Vol. II, Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 6. If any of you have extra copies of these issues and would like to sell or trade them, please let us know. On the other hand, and of possible benefit to you, in trying to complete our second set we have had to purchase many copies we did *not* need in order to get one or two issues that we could use. (Most offers were on an all-or-nothing basis.) We therefore invite any reader who's trying to complete his set of originals to let us know what issues he needs and we'll check to see if we have them among our duplicates. These are not "mint" but are in good condition.

For those of you who are not trying to fill out a collection but would just like to own an original or two, we will fill those orders also, on a first-come, first-served basis. In some cases we have only three or four copies; in others, we might have a dozen or more. Please address any correspondence concerning *original* copies to the attention of Susan Washburn at this office.

The price for a *specific* issue will be $3.00 postpaid; the price for an issue of our own selection (that is, you leave it up to us to send what's available) will be $2.50 postpaid.

Which brings up the second matter of importance: please don't forget that our address is Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. We're afraid that some of you may forget and use the old address at Bandera—and maybe try to write some of the advertisers! The addresses in this magazine you are holding are no longer valid—and unfortunately neither are the prices! You will note the prices Mr. Hunter charged in the beginning. What with our publishing on more expensive paper, mailing in envelopes, and the ungodly increase in costs on *everything*, we wonder if we will come out even as well as he did. Oh, to have those good old 1923 nickels and dimes back again!

The first four issues are 32 pages and cover. After the fourth issue, Mr. Hunter went to 48 pages and cover, so the magazine will be thicker starting with the fifth issue.

Please turn to the inside back cover for instructions about Christmas or other gift subscriptions for your families and friends. We will take these subscriptions as late as December, and all orders will begin with Volume 1, Number 1.

We have received a wonderful response to our reprinting these old issues which truly witnessed the end of an era in our country's history. Nothing in them will be changed or deleted—so once more, just until you have time to get used to it—don't forget that if you need to write us, the correct address is *Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES, P. O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764.*—Joe "Hosstail" Small

FRONTIER TIMES

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BANDERA, TEXAS

Devoted to Frontier History, Border Tragedy and Pioneer Achievement

Vol. 1—No 2 **NOVEMBER, 1923** **$1.50 Per Year**

Ben Dragoo's Race for Life.

Benjamin Crawford Dragoo was born in Washington county, Ill., in 1835, and came with his parents to Texas when he was three years old. His father settled on Blossom Prairie in Red River county, and a year later located his headright and settled in what is now Titus county, four miles from where Mount Pleasant now stands. After locating on this headright, the Indians became so troublesome that the father moved his family to Fort Sherman, where the people had erected a blockhouse and palisades for protection. This fort was on Big Cypress creek, near the county line, and among others who had gathered in that fort were the Coots family, Gibson, Dial and Bell families. Some of the descendents of these families are now living in Llano, Mason and McCulloch counties. In the course of time the Senior Dragoo disposed of his headright and moved to the Navasota river and settled near Fort Parker. Ben Dragoo says that when a small boy he often played with Cynthia Ann Parker and lived only eight miles away when the Indians attacked the fort murdered members of the Parker family, and carriied Cynthia Ann into captivity. Relating the story of some of the hard service he experienced as a ranger, Mr. Dragoo says:

BEN C. DRAGOO.

In 1855 I joined John R. Baylor's company of rangers. While stationed on Cottonwood creek, twenty miles above Ft. Belknap, our scouts brought in word that they had discovered a large body of Indians passing up the county with a herd of horses. These Indians had been on a raid in the lower settlements and were on their return. About forty of us under Captains Baylor, Dalrymple and Ross, were soon in the saddle and it did not take us long to find the trail. The Indians evidently knew the rangers were in the country and they traveled for dear life. We followed them day and night until we came up with them where the country was brushy, and when we charged them every redskinned scoundrel took to the brush and got away. We captured most of the stock, some sixty head, which we took back to Belknap and these were later delivered to their owners.

My next experience was on a little creek that ran into the Brazos far out on the frontier. The Indians had been unusually troublesome that year and three companies under Ross, Baylor and Buck Barry had started out to chastise them Late one evening we camped on the creek I have just mentioned. We found no Indian sign in the country and felt quite safe. About half a mile below where my company went into camp, Buck Barry's men bivouacked, and a short distance below Barry's position Dalrymple's company camped. This was in the fall of 1858. The night was cool and pleasant. The moon was about two weeks old, but its light was obscured by the heavy clouds that overspread the sky. Every precaution was taken to guard against a night attack and pickets were put out around the camp. Each man carried a stake rope but when in the enemy's country each ranger was allowed only a twenty-foot rope with which to stake his horse. The object of this was to confine the horses within as small a compass as possible, to guard against entanglement of ropes in case of an Indian charge, and to enable each ranger to take up his rope and make a quick mount in times of danger. On thiis particular night, I went on guard at 10 o'clock, or thereabouts. I had walked my beat but a short time when I noticed a horse moving as if loose. The grass was over knee

high and the horse made very little noise as he slowly moved along, all the time nipping the grass. As the animal was coming near me I stepped aside and fell in behind and began feeling in the grass for the 20-foot rope, which I supposed was dragging behind, thinking all the while that the horse had pulled loose from his stake and was leisurely wandering off. A man by the name of Gray, who stood as sentry nearest to me, had observed the movements of the horse and he also set out to investigate. We came together just behind the animal , but could find no rope. Crawling forward through the grass to the horse's head we found the rope, and discovered that there must be some one on the other end. Our movements had been stealthy and noiseless as those of a jaguar, and when we found that there was an Indian at the other end of that rope, although we could not see him on account of the darkness and the high grass, we determined on heroic treatment, as the doctors would say, I carried a double barreled shotgun and wanted to do the shooting. but Gray insisted that I should hold the rope and let him do the work. After a few gentle pulls on the rope and finding that the horse didn't advance, the Indian rose from the grass, evidently to see what was wrong. As he rose up, Gray cut down on him and missed him and Mr. Indian got away.

The shot aroused the entire camp, but finding the Indian gone and no prospect of further molestation, the boys went back to their pallets on the ground.

While still on guard, and only about an hour after the above occurrence took place, the Indians made a break for our camp. They were about 100 strong and were right on us like a whirlwind before we knew of their presence. They were within 200 yards of me when I heard them coming and I and others on guard next to the side of appraoch, fiired on them and gave the alarm. Every man rushed to his horse, but there was little time for fighting. The object of the Indians was to stampede our horses and run them off, but in this they failed as the horses were closely herded. An Indian mounted on a gray mule ran against me, almost knocking me down. We fired right and left among them, but if we killed or wounded any of them they were carried away. They got none of our horses.

In a very short time after they left us we heard a great commotion in the direction of Barry's camp and a little later a runner dashed up with orders for us to mount and be off at once; the Indians had got off with all of Barry's horses, leaving him only three head. We hastened to Barry's camp, where we met Dalrymple and his men. Gary and I were put forward as trailers and, although it was quite dark, we had no trouble in following the broad trail over high grass. We went in a fast gallop, the command keeping well up, and just at daylight we came up with the thieving scoundrels, but they abandoned their herd and every rascal got away in the brush. We got all of Barry's horses. It was 8 or 9 o'clock when we returned from the chase, rounded up the horses, and started back to camp. While on our way back one of the men said to Dalrymple, "Captain, I saw an Indian rise up and drop back in the grass over there,"pointing to a place about a half mile away on the prairie. "Keep your eye on the spot; don't look at any other object." Eight of us rode with the man towards the place indicated and when near the spot we began to circle around through the grass. Presently one of the men cried out. He was shot with an arrow, and then another was hit, but while we could see from whence these arrows came, we could see no Indian. Just west of where the Indian was concealed a narrow buffalo trail well beaten, about the width of a man's body, was found leading in the direction of where the Indian lay concealed. It was evident that the savage was lying in this beaten path under the overhanging grass. Following this conclusion, one of the boys leveled his rifle near the ground in this path, and fired. At the crack of the gun Mr. Indian jumped up and pitched forward—dead. The shot had hit him squarly in the top of the head and the ranger who killed him took off his entire scalp and carried it home to show where the bullet took effect.

This was the only Indian we got on that trip, and evidently he had become lost from his bunch in the mix-up

My time of enlistment having expired, I returned to my home, which was six miles east of Waco Village, as it was called in those days. I had been home but a short time when Captain Sul Ross came to see me. He was organizing a company to chastise the Comanches, who had been committing murders and dep-

redations along the frontier, and he told me that he needed me and that I must go in his company. I told him I was ready to start any day, and that my younger brother Jim Dragoo, would also join his company. The company went from Waco to a point where Fort Griffin was afterwards built. F. M. Cassidy, who lived at Llano a few years ago, was in our company. While in camp at the point mentioned word was brought that the Indians had made a raid in Parker county and were on their way out. They were driving out about 75 head of horses and had killed several people. They had taken captive a boy and two girls. The girls were about grown, and the boy was eight or nine years old. After being kept all night and fiendishly outraged by these inhuman monsters, one of the girls was murdered; the other girl was subjected to the same brutality, only she was not killed. As if the savages wanted the settlers to know of the atrocities they were capable of inflicting, they stripped every vestige of clothing from this girl and turned her loose. She made her way back to the settlements, reaching a frontier cabin almost famished. She concealed herself in bushes near a spring and saw a man pass near once or twice, but her modesty overcame her extreme suffering and forbade her calling to him. At length, a woman came to the spring for water and the girl called to her. This lady removed part of her underwear and, clad in this, the girl was led to the house. Of the captured boy more anon.

A few miles north of Fort Belknap this same body of Indians came upon a hay maker's camp as they went on their raid. There were but two men in the camp, but they took shelter and stood the Indians off.

When the news of this raid reached our camp, most of us were out on duty. I and seven others under Lieut. Callahan the gallant ranger for whom Callahan county was named, had been out on a nine days' chase, and seven of this period we had been almost without food. We had just ridden into Fort Belknap on our return, when orders came for us to take the trail at once, and without taking time to change horses or to get a bite of grub, we lit out after those savages, with Gray and I as trailers. We soon struck the trail at the hay camp and pushed on until evening, when one of the boys killed a deer which we cut up into chunks, and each man rode forward with one or more of these little chunks tied behind his saddle. When night came we continued the pursuit until a late hour, when we halted iin order to give our horses a brief rest and a chance to graze. We were not allowed to build a fire as the Indians would see the light, and we had to eat our meat raw. After a few hours' rest we hastened forward and kept up the chase for six days. The second evening out we halted on the banks of a creek where there were five or six large cottonwood trees. Here the Indians had camped, and the signs showed that their numbers had been largely augmented. They had killed and barbecued a horse and the fires were yet cmouldering. The grass in that vicinity had been eaten off by the buffaloes and we had to cut limbs from the cottonwood trees for our wornout horses. The place had evidently once been a battle ground. We found a number of skulls and other human bones which bore the appearance of having lain on the ground a long time. Old fragments of leather trappings from saddles were picked up, and I found the bit of what had once been a part of a fine Mexican bridle. The skulls were those of Indians and Mexicans; at least that was the conclusion. Mute momentoes of one of the many unrecorded tragedies of the Texas frontier.

Six days and nights I might say, we followed this trail. On the third day out we killed a buffalo, and this we ate raw On the sixth day, far up the Pease river country, we saw a mot of small trees far ahead in the distance. This mot was on a high elevation, and I saw a bunch of men ride into the mot. We halted until the command came up and we reported our observations to Callahan. With the utmost caution we continued to advance bearing to the left, where Gray and I ascended an eminence, from the summit of which we looked over into the valley and beheld a large body of Indians, well mounted, and apparently lying in wait for us. We hurried back and reported what we had seen, and while we were making this report, the Indians, with loud whoops and yells, began pouring over the ridge west of us. There were at the lowest estimate 200 of them on fresh horses, while there were only nine of us, mounted on horses that were well nigh exhausted. Our chase was at an end and instead of being the pursuers,

we became the pursued for the next six days. In fact it was the next thing to a running fight all the way back to Belknap. Lieut. Callahan, one of the bravest of the brave, told us to keep close together, and to never fire without his orders. The Indians would charge us more or less each day, but would never come to close quarters. They would seek to ambush us and block our way where the country was favorable, but would always scatter or give back when we crowded them. At night we had little rest and no food and the last two days of the journey our sufferings from hunger, thirst and loss of sleep were unspeakable. Our horses were weak and our progress was slow. The Indians knew all this, and by a bold determined attack could have killed every one of us but they were too cowardly. And in this condition we reached Fort Belknap, the place from whence we had started twelve days before, making in ali twenty-one days we had been in the sad dle, and had nothing to eat but raw venison and buffalo meat.

In a future issue, Mr. Dragoo will tell about the desperate fight on Pease River when Cynthia Ann Parker was recaptured from the Indians.

To procure salt, early Texas settlers would drive hundreds of miles to the salt deposits in Van Zandt county. They came from across the plains of the West on through the pine forests of the East and at the saline springs would supply themselves with salt for many months to come. The process of securing the salt was crude. A big, open, old fashioned iron pot constituted the necessary equipment. The pot was filled with water from one of the springs and was kept boiling until the water evaporated and the salt remained.

Osage Indians of Pawhuska, Okla., section are the richest tribesmen in America, it was disclosed in an examina tion of statistics concerning their wealth. Tribal records give the per capita wealth of the 2,229 members of the nation in Oklahoma at $30,000. Under a recent decision of the Osage county district court, members of the tribe enjoy full rights of citizens.

Frontier Times is the only magazine of its kind in the United States.

$100 Paid for Waxahachie Survey.

Only $100 was paid for the survey of Waxahachie and Ellis county in the year 1850, and this sum was ordered paid after funds had been taken into the county treasury, sometimes of an uncertain length of time in those days, according to the old records of the city and county in the office of the county clerk of Ellis county.

The session of the court making the order was held in the home of E. W. Rogers, there being no meeting place prescribed by law at that time. The original order, giving many interesting facts on the organization and the men who had part in the order, follows:

"At a session of the county court of Ellis county, begun and held at the town of Waxahachie, in the county of Ellis, in the State of Texas, at the home of E. W. Rogers (there being no courthouse or place designated by law for holding courts in the said county), on Monday, August 19, 1850. Present and presiding, the Honorable William Hawkins, Chief Justice of said county, and Larkin Newton, Henry Tremble and James L. Berry, commissioners and associates, and Ben F. Hawkins, clerk of the county court of said county, the court was opened by William H. H. Bradford, sheriff of said county.

"It is ordered by the court that Richard Donaldson be and he is employed to survey and lay off the county site, comprising sixty acres of land, into a public square, lots, streets and alleys of such size as may be determined by the court, and that the said Donaldson be allowed the sum of$100 to be paid in town lots to to be bid off at the public sale, or to be taken at an average price of similiar lots, or the price of lots to be determined by two disinterested persons; a report to be made by the said Donaldson of his proceeding on the fourth Monday in October, 1850.

"It is ordered by the court that L. G. Crop, Chief Justice of Navarro County, recieve the sum of $10 for his services in organizing said county of Ellis, that the same be audited and allowed paid out of the first money that comes into the treasury of said county."

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Texas Rangers Were First to Use Six-Shooters.

By Prof. W. P. Webb, in Dallas News.

(Editor's Note.—W. P. Webb holds the position of adjunct professor of history at the University of Texas. He has written extensively for magazines and books about frontier life in Texas, early fights with Indians and about the State rangers.)

It was during the Republic that the rangers won a name as fearless and brave men that has clung to them down to the present time. They have always been a mounted force, and even today there is a saying that a ranger is no better than his horse. They had to go mounted because their enemies were mounted, and they were few because the State was too poor to maintain a large force. These early rangers had to make up in quality what they lacked in numbers. It was also during the Republic, 1836-1845, that they developed their technique of war. They were the first men to learn the use of the six-shooter, and to learn that the six-shooter was the logical weapon with which to fight the Indian on horseback. It was in Texas that the white man first came in contact with mounted Indians. The Americans had, up until the time Texas was settled, fought the Indians on foot. But when they came to Texas, they passed from the timbered area on to the plains, and on the plains and prairies around San Antonio they met the Comanches, the superb horsemen of the country. It is said that these Comanches could shoot their arrows from a running horse so rapidly that they could keep one in the air all the time. The Texans needed a weapon that carried several shots, and that wielded from the hurricane deck of a Texas mustang. It is not known when the rangers first got the six-shooter. An unsubstantiated story has it that S. M. Swenson went to New York, where he met Col. Colt who had just perfected his revolving pistol. Swanson realized at once that the revolvers would be useful to the fighters of Texas and when he returned to Austin he called them to the attention of President Houston, who purchased a number of them for the army and navy. At any rate, whether the story is true or not, the rangers did get possession of the six-shooters, and under Jack Hays they learned that these guns were good medicine for the horse Indians, that they made the rangers as good mounted fighters as the Indians were with their bows and arrows It was this six-shooter that made them invincible on the Western plains.

When Texas joined the Union in 1845 the rangers thought that their work was over and that the task of frontier protection would be taken over by the Federal government. In fact, that was the agreement between the two Republics and one of the chief reasons why Texas wanted to get into the Union was in order to gain the protection of the strong and long arm of Uncle Sam. But Uncle Sam had his own ideas of dealing with Indians and these did not always accord with the ideas of the early Texans.

In the Mexican War, which followed the annexation of Texas, the rangers played a prominent role. Jack Hays was made a Colonel and he led his band into Mexico, at the head of Taylor's army. The rangers participated in the first battle of the war and they fought in the last engagements. Throughout they made a great reputation for themselves and their fame spread over the continent. They were very valuable in the war, because they understood Mexican tactics of fighting. They were an unmanagable troop, however, when no fighting was in progress, and a great trial to officers who wished to impose strict military discipline. The rangers are not soldiers, they have never worn uniforms, carried flags or assumed any paraphernalia of war outside of terribly effective weapons which they used on their horses with consummate skill. The Mexican War is the only one in which the Texas rangers have ever served as a seperate military unit.

Reconstruction came with all its horrors, and there was organized in Texas what was known as "State Police." The odium that is attached in Texas to this body of men is a safe guarantee that the name will never in the future be applied to an honorable body of men whose business it is to keep peace and to protect life and property. The history of the reconstruction State police is a history entirely apart from that of the Texas rangers, and should never be confused with it.

After reconstruction Texas was filled

with desperate characters as a result of war and its aftermath. Feuds broke out in various parts of the State, the Indians were still troublesome in the West and the need for the old organization was strong. The rangers were reorganized at this time, and the great names among them are those of Capt. McNelly andMaj, John B. Jones. Capt. McNelly broke up the Dewitt County feud in South Texas and chased a band of desperados almost to the Mexican border. The only reason he did not chase them to the border was that the rangers were cuch good shots that it was not necessary to ride that far. The story is told that McNelly had an army wagon sent out from Brownsville which gathered up seventeen bodies and brought them in and piled them up on the public square of that town the bad characters could see that law and order had returned

What Capt. McNelly did to the riffraff of the South, Maj John B. Jones did to the Indians of the North. He established a series of posts along the Western frontier, and in a mule wagon accompanied by a small body of men he patrolled the State from Red River south and west. It was a line held by a few men, but it was almost impenetrable to the Indians. Every trail leading "in" that is, to the settlements, was followed and the marauders punished. The Indians learned to fear and respect the diminutive Major and his stalwart men. It is an interesting fact that both McNelly and Jones were very small men, though for courage and sheer nerve and boundless energy they could not be surpassed.

The Lone Star Flag of Texas.

T. B. Baldwin in Dallas News.

The flag of the State of Texas consists of "a blue perpendicular stripe of the width of one-third of the whole length of the flag, and a white star of five points in the center thereof, and two horizontal stripes of equal length nd breadth, the upper stripe of white, the lower of red, two-thirds the length of the whole flag."

This is the same flag that was adopted by the republic of Texas at the third session of Congress, which assembled at Houston in December, 1838. Upon the fourth day of January following, Senator Oliver Jones, one of the most zealous and active patriots of the revolution, submitted the design as that agreed upon by the committee to whom had been referred the selection of a suitable standard for the young republic.

The five-pointed star had been used as the official seal of the Republic for some time before, its adoption, according to the Texas historian, Thrall, having been purely accidental. Mr. Thrall says:

"At the organization of the Provincial Government (1835), James W. Robinson was elected Lieutenant Governor, and when the Executive Council deposed Gov. Smith, Robinson became Governor Smith never surrendered the insignia of his office, a brass button on his coat, which happened to be a star, and for want of a seal was used to make the impression upon public documents dispatched to the United States. That brass button gave birth to the single star, the emblem of the new Republic."

It seems a happy coincidence that the star upon the brass button on Gov. Henry Smith's coat had five points, corresponding to the five letters in T-E-X-A-S.

Prior to the adoption of the flag proposed by Senator Jones, Texas had from time to time had numerous banners and battle flags. The flag that floated over siege was the National standard of Mexico, except that in the middle verticle stripe the eagle and cactus were replaced by the figures "1824," thereby signifying that the Texans were contending for the rights under the Mexican Constitution of 1824.

"About a week before the fall of the Alamo," says Mrs. Looscan in Scarff's History of Texas, "the militia of San Felipe being ready to march, Gail Borden, Jr., in the name of two bodies of that jurisdiction, presented the company with a stand of colors. The San Filipe Telegraph of March 5, 1836, thus describes this flag:

"The English Jack, showing the origin of the Anglo-American; thirteen stripes, representing that most of the colonists in Texas are from the United States; the star is Texas, the only State in Mexico retaining the least spark of

the light of liberty; tri-color is Mexican, showing that we once belonged to that Confederacy; the whole flag is historic."

Upon the white stripes were the words:

"Our Country's Rights or Death."

There was another Lone Star flag, however, which had the sanction of the Government prior to the adoption of the flag just described. Upon April 9, 1836, President David G. Burnet at Harrisburg adopted a Lone Star flag for the Texas Navy, more than a month after the Declaration of Independence had been made at Washington-on-the Brazos.

This flag was approved by the first session of congress held at Columbia, Dec. 10, 1836, and continued to be used as the naval flag until Jan. 25, 1839. It had thirteen red and white alternate stripes, with a star central in azure field.

There were several other "Lone Star" flags displayed upon various occasions during the days of the Republic, some of which were solid blue or white banners with a golden or other star in the center. Others were more elaborate, and some very beautiful and artistic in design. One of the handsomest of these was a present to Capt. Burroughs by the ladies of Zanesville, Ohio,, in September, 1836, as he was leaving for Texas with a company of volunteers.

Neither of the flags under which the Texans fought at the Alamo nor at San Jacinto were 'Lone Star" banners. The Alamo flag has been described. The flag of San Jancinto was of heavy white silk bordered with gold fringe. In the center was a female figure bearing a flambeau, representing, evidently, Liberty holding aloft the flambeau of freedom This flag was presented to a company of Kentucky volunteers, raised at Newport by Capt. Sidney Sherman. It was made by the ladies of Newport, who conferred upon Capt. Sherman's bride (nee Katherine Isabel Cox) the honor of making the presentation. After going through the battle of San Jacinto, this flag was deposited in the office of the Secretary of War until the following August when the officer sent it to Mrs. Sherman at Frankfort, Ky., with the following note:

"War Department,
"Velasco, Aug. 5, 1836

"This stand of colors, presented by the ladies of Newport, Ky., to Capt. Sidney Sherman, is the same which triumphantly waved on the memorable field of San Jacinto, and is by the Government presented to the lady of Col. Sherman as a testimonial of his gallant conduct on that occasion.

(Signed) A. SOMERVILLE,
"Secretary of War."

"Approved:
"DAVID G. BURNET,
"President Republic of Texas."

The l ast Indian of the Nacogdoches tribe died about 1825. He was then an aged man and was known as Old Boca Chula, this name having reference to his big ugly mouth.

Lo, the poor Indian, is discovered traveling abroad with a $50,000,000 bankroll on his hip. Pope needs to revise his lines. The "untutored mind" of which the English poet spoke when he fastened, through the misinterpretation of his readers, the nickname, "Poor Lo!" on the Indian, doesn't go any more. David Paddley, Oklahoma red man, worth fifty times a million, has just returned to America from a meeting of the World Baptist Alliance at Christiania. As a Baptist and a delegate to such a convention, Paddley is not likely to be wholly untutored. It is one of the ironies of American treatment of the Indian that the Oklahoma lands given to the Creeks and Cherokees because they were not supposed to be worth the white man's taking have made most of these Indians petroleum millionaires. Alexander Pope ought to see them riding in their high-priced automobiles in America and tipping flunkies in Europe. —San Francisco Chronicle.

Away back in the beginning the chief occupation of man was fighting. In battle he carried a shield in one hand and a weapon in the other. It was not so much to carry a shield, but the quick action required by the hand and arm which did the fighting soon developed that arm. It also developed the nerves and the half of the brain that governed the right side of the body. Those who shielded their left side—thus protecting the heart—were the ones who usually came out victorious. Down through the ages this selection continued, the right hand gradually becoming more proficient.

Brook trout will not thrive in water having a temperature higher than 60 degrees.

Indian Raids in West Texas.

By A. J. Sowell, in San Antonio Light.

In 1860 the Indians made a raid into Medina county and killed old man Schreiver near D'Hanis, and then came on up to the ranch of Ross Kennedy in Uvalde county early in the morning.

At this time a young Mexican in the employ of Mr. Kennedy was out about 300 yards from the house southwest hunting horses and was attacked by the Indians and shot with an arrow. He ran and fell within 300 yards of the house. Mr. Kennedy was in the cow pen and heard the Indians yelling. It was a still morning and Indians were never known to make as much fuss as this bunch did. Stock were stampeding all over the plot, bells rattling and Indians yelling.

Ebenezer Rankin, brother-in-law of Mr. Kennedy was also out hunting horses and the Indians first tried to cut him off from the ranch and it was then they ran upon the young Mexican and shot him. Mr. Kennedy ran from the cow pen and secured his gun and by that time Mr. Rankin had arrived. Kennedy expressed a belief that the Indians were killing his Mexican and would go to his assistance, but Rankin told him it was no use, as he watched him until he ran and fell and was satisfied that he was already dead. Kennedy, however, went on and Rankin went with him.

The Mexican was found on his face, dead, with the arrow in his hand which he had pulled from his body as he ran. The dead man was carried to the house and Kennedy and Rankin at once began to alarm the settlers and organized a pursuit of the Indians.

Now comes an incident showing the courage and endurance of some of the women of the Southwest frontier. Mrs. Kennedy was left alone at the ranch, at her own request, with the dead Mexican and urged her husband to follow the Indians until he caught and chastised them. Among those who met and took up the trail were Doc (Louis) Lee, Jack Davenport, Clabe Davenport, Emory Givins, Ross Kennedy, John Kennedy, and Ambrose Crane. On the west side of the Sabinal river this party was joined by William Knox,a man named Glass and another man whose name is not remembered,and all kept on in pursuit of the Indians, but in about six miles the trail became hard to follow. This was from the fact that here the Indians had come upon Huffman and Wolf, two cow hunters, and a running scattered fight had taken place for a mile or more across the prairie east towards the river, and finally the bodies of the men were found, as was also one dead Indian and his horse was standing near. Also the shirt of the slain Mexican, who was killed at Kennedy's ranch.

The two cowboys had dismounted at a lone live oak tree to make their final fight and evidently had kept the Indians at bay for some time. The tree had many arrows sticking in it and the ground torn up by running horses in a circle around the tree. The trail was plain from here and was followed rapidly,Ross Kennedy being elected captain, and Ambrose Crane trailer. Twenty miles further on at the mouth of Blanco canyon, Crane stopped and pointed at the horses of the Indians in a glade between a cedar brake and a ravine and Kennedy motioned for the men to dismount and tie their horses, intending to slip around the Indians and cut them off from the cedar brake. Knox objected to this and the men who came with him decided with him that it was best to charge at once on horseback, although it was not right for him to hold out against the majority, who had already dismounted and tied their horses at a signal from their rightful captain, Ross Kennedy.

Rather than not have a concert of acton, Kennedy and his men mounted and the charge was made, but a failure to do any good except to capture the horses of the Indians was the consequence. The Indans saw them coming and at once disappeared into the brakes and none were killed.

Quite a lot of horses, bows, shields and arrows were taken. The Indians were cooking a yearling which they had killed Huffman's mule, with his pistol on the pommel of the saddle, was taken, but Wolf's horse was not seen. The recaptured horses were driven back that night and Mrs. Kennedy relieved of her lonely vigil with the slain Mexican.

Next day a party went back and recovered the bodies of Wolf and Huffman.

In 1861 the Indians made another raid and killed a brother-in-law of Captain

Richarz about three miles from D'Hanis on the Seco. The trail was taken up by men from below, and they came by the ranch of Ross Kennedy, which was on Rancher's creek not far from the present town of Sabinal, Kennedy, Henry Adams and others joined them here. Captain Joe Ney commanded the scout.

The trail led northward and passed the Tom Wall settlement on the Frio and then led up east prong towards the divide. At camping time the trailers were above the main springs in the dry draws and the only chance for water was at some dripping bluffs, where it would take some time to catch enough for one man to drink and the horses had no chance for any at all, thirsty as they were. There was just water enough here for bees and they were numerous, sucking at the banks. Ross Kennedy was not satisfied to stay here, so he took a scout further up and found a little pool with sufficient water for the men but still not enough for horses. He reported this fact to Captain Ney and it was agreed to move up to it. The horses were hobbled so they could graze some, but guards were placed so as to keep them out of the little pool through the night. The horses were to have what was left in the morning. There were twenty-five men in the party and it required a good deal of water for them.

During the night horses were heard plunging in water farther up the draw and an investigation disclosed the fact that it was the Frio Water Hole. Some of the men had been to this place before but had never approached it from this direction, it being almost out on the divide and the last water for many miles.

Daylight disclosed the fact that Indians had been here, cooked meat and roasted soto heads.

The trail now went out on the divide and led towards South Llano. Near the head of this stream they came in sight of the Indians and a charge was made but was abruptly stopped by running on to the bank of a creek which was full of of drift from overflows, and the horses could not cross it, although there was but little water in the channel. With some difficulty a crossing was found but by this time the Indians had discovered them and made their escape. All of the horses were captured except what the Indians rode off in their flight and they took time to select the best ones and got away fast. They could be seen running in the distance and soon disappeared in a cedar brake. The men now came on back and made a dry camp for two hours.

Ross Kennedy's horse was crippled in a charge while trying to ford the creek and he had to mount one of the horses taken from the Indians. The head of the crippled horse was tied up so that he could not eat, and when night came he was placed in front on the back track and true to his animal instinct, led the men back to the Frio water hole before daylight. The Indians were driving a heifer which they intended to eat and the settlers killed it for food, but the meat was not good on account of the poor animal having been lanced several times and the flesh was feverish.

During the pursuit Henry Adams rode to the top of a high hill and soon motioned for Ross Kennedy to come up there. He had found an old-time cart wheel of Mexican make, having mesquite hub and all of a very heavy and clumsy make of not more than three or four parts to the wheel. The hub was buried in the ground with the rim resting on the surface. When and under what circumstances the wheel had been left on this mountain no one could tell. From the fact that it was on the top of a mountain, with no other remains of a broken cart there it is evident it had been carried up there for a purpose and might have marked the spot of buried valuables or the near proximity of a gold or silver mine. It was evidently left there by Spanish explorers. Mesquite, like cedar will hardly decay and the old hub may be there to this day.

An Invitation to You.

If you receive a copy of this magazine it is an invitation to subscribe. Some friend has handed in your name with the information that you are interested in preserving the history of our state, and we take the liberty of sending you a copy of this first issue. Send in your subscription order today.

A hundred and forty years before Columbus sailed for the Indies and bumped against America, Sir John Mandeville wrote a book claiming that "One might with a vessel, sail around the world, both above and under it."

Reunion of a Pioneer Family at Ballinger.

By Henry C. Fuller, in Dallas News.

The reunion of the J. C. Swift family at Ballinger on the twenty-second day of August to which the writer was an invited guest, was an important link in the industrial and historic career of East Texas and West Texas. J. C. Swift moved from Nacogdoches county to Runnels county in 1874 and in 1881 settled in the town or village of Runnels which was then on the feather-edge of civilization in the West. The nearest railroad was Abilene, fifty miles to the north while on the east the nearest point at which railraod could be reached was Port Worth.

At the family reunion at Ballinger, held at the residence of Mrs. R. A. Dickinson, more than forty representatives of the family of J. C. Swift were present all boing present, except two children of Mrs. Dickinson, and one of the many remarkable features connected with the reunion was the fact that only two deaths have ever occurred in the J. C. Swift family, or among his children or grandchildren, one of these being Dr. R. A. Dickinson, a son-in-law, who died at Ballinger a year or so ago, and a child of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Swift, who died several years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Swift are on the list of what people commonly call old folk, Mr. Swift being 77 years old and Mrs. Swift ten or eleven years younger, although she does not look to be a day over 50. In his younger days Jim Swift or J. C. Swift was an intimate friend of that famous scout and hunter, Kit Carson, and for six years roamed the vast Rocky Mountain section with Carson and Will Drannan, who afterwards became famous as a scout and lecturer.

W. H. Swift, father of Jim C. Swift, was born in Abbeville district, South Carolina, in 1816. In his boyhood days the family emigrated and settled in or near what is now Washington county, Alabama, on the Tombigbee River. When W. H. Swift reached young manhood he took to boating and on one of his far-reaching trips visited the coast of Texas, made his way up the Neches River to its confluence with the Angelina river and thence up that river to the town of Marion, which stood at the head of navigation in the territory known at that time as "Nip-and-tuck." Verily it was at the jumping off place, because the time was about 1840 and the country was very sparsely settled. Several stores and groceries constituted the business make-up of Marion, and from that point goods and supplies brought up the small river on small steamers were hauled to the inlaud stores on rude wagons Supplies such as were for sale were sent down the river on the boats to Sabine Pass, Galveston, New Orleans and other places.

Swift would have returned to the East with the boat that brought him to Texas, but at some kind of social entertainment in the vicinity of Marion he met Miss Nancy Walker, and as the novel writers say, his fate was at once settled. The result was that the boat went down the river without him, and from that moment until his death, which occured on December, 20, 1880, he was a part and parcel of Texas. He and Nancy Walker were married. They trekked northward, and at Melrose, in what is now Nacogdoches county, they halted, built a log house, and launched out on their own hook. Swift farmed and sold goods, his store being first at Melrose and later further west near the backwoods and pioneer church of Cross Roads, or old Hopewell. Thirteen children came to bless this union and nine of these children are still living, W. H. Swift Jr., Mrs. Nannie Matthews and Mrs. Josephine Brown Fountain living in Dallas.

In the autumn of 1871 W. H. Swift was elected to the State Senate from the district composed of the counties of Nacogdoches, Sabine, San Augustine, Shelby, Angelina and Trinity. The area of these counties was 4,759 square miles. The population was 30,924, and there was not a railroad nor good road in the district, Swift going to and from Austin on horseback. The present population of this district is about 125,000. W. H. Swift Jr., now of Dallas, served in the Senate as a page while his father was Senator. W. H. Swift served in the Thirteenth Legislature, and times were stormy. Richard Coke had been elected Governor. The Legislature was about equally divided in the Senate and often Swift, the Senator from Nip-and-tuck, had the deciding vote. Swift was a

pacificator and always sought by his vote to allay hard feelings, to calm the troubled waters and to bring order out of chaos.

Members of the Senate during the Thirteenth Legislature, in addition to Swift were E. B. Pickett, J. E. Dillard, T. J. Word, Webster Flanagan, J. L. Henry, H. R. Latimer, H. J. Avinger, D. W. Cole, E. L. Dahoney, G. T. Ruby, F. G. Franks, E. T. Randle, J. G. Francy, Mathew Games, W. A. Saylor, P. W. Hall, S. W. Ford, W. H. Pyle, Samuel Evans, E. T. Braughton, A. J. Ball, George P. Fincley, R. P. Fendick, Joseph D. Sayers, Thomas H. Baker, L. G. Shelley, H. C. King and A. J. Fountain.

Senator Swift did not stand for re-election, nor would he permit the use of his name for the position of Lieutenant Governor, to which he could have no doubt been elected.

J. C. Swift moved away from Nacogdohes county forty-six years ago and settled in Runnels, where he lived until 1904, when he moved to Cisco. He saw the town of Runnels build to a good size —the metropolis of the old West, and then he saw it die when the Santa Fe Railroad built the town of Ballinger five miles north of the town of Runnels, at the junction of Elm Creek and the Colorado River. The only building that now marks the site of old Runnels is the old stone hotels, the walls of which are still standing.

Shot with a Poisoned Arrow.

In 1863 John A. Jones moved to Bandera county and settled at Indian Spring on Myrtle creek, six miles north of the town of Bandera, and established a catle ranch. This place, as was all of Bandera county at the time, was a frontier and exposed to frequent Indian raids.

One day at noon in 1866, as the family of Mr. Jones was sitting down to dinner, Rufus Click dashed up to the yard fence and called for Mr. Jones. He was minus his hat and his horse was breathing heavily. Jones thought that Click had been on a bear chase, but soon discovered that he had been chased by Indians and was badly wounded. He was assisted into the house and made as comfortable as possible, for he was deathly sick, having been shot with a poisoned arrow. A negro was placed on Mr. Click's horse and sent to Bandera after Dr. Fitzgibbons. The arrow had struck Click in the back, but he had pulled it out as he ran. In the meantime, while awaiting the coming of the doctor, Mrs. Jones clipped the shirt from around the wound, stopped the flow of blood and put hartshorn on it.

When the boctor arrived and made an examination it was dicsovered that the wound had been made with a poisoned arrow. The pain was like that after being bitten by a rattlesnake, for the spike was poisoned by venom from one of those most deadly reptiles. The doctor gave strychnine to counteract the effect of the poison.

Mr. Click was coming from the Guadalupe valley and was ambushed at the Bandera Pass and had a desperate run for his life, leaving the main road and taking the trail to the Jones ranch three miles away. The Indians shot many arrows, but only one hit him. One of the Indians came so close he tried to catch the bridle of Click's horse, but the fleetness of the animal caused him to miss his grasp and this, no doubt, saved the life of the settler, as he was not armed and had no chance whatever to defend himself. He pulled the arrow from his back as he ran and had it in one hand and a sycamore switch in the other when he arrived at the Jones ranch.

During this long and exciting chase a litle dog which accompanied Mr. Click kept close behind his master and was not hit. The settler was not so badly scared that he could not remember all of the incidents of the chase, even tearing a piece out of his shirt, whieh he said was done by a hackberry limb, and that there were twelve Indians after him. He also said that he could find the last arrow which was shot at him, for he had seen it strike in a bunch of bushes ahead of him. All of this was found to be correct on investigation afterwards. The arrow was found at the designated spot and the piece of shirt was still hanging to the hackberry limb.

Mr. Click finally recovered, but large pieces of flesh came out from around the wound.

Hunting Buffalo on the Little Wichita River.

By W. S. Adair, in Dallas News.

The early settlers in this part of the country did not have the comforts and conveniences people nowadays enjoy, but they were compensated by better opportunities for thrills and adventure," said John E. Hess, 3520 Ross avenue. "People did not take life so seriously as they do now. Very few of them had established themselves in business, and they were placing themselves in all sorts of attitudes toward Fortune in order to give luck a chance at them. To a considerable extent they were still nomads. There was always on foot, it seemed to me, an expedition of some sort into the wilderness, undertaken oftener than not merely to satisfy the roving nature of those restless, unsettled people .I accompanied several of these jaunts. The first was to hunt buffaloes. The party was composed of Capt. June Peak, Col. W. G. Sterrett, Henry Boll, Robert Cockrell, Leopold Bohnny and Billie Friedman,and a Mexican cook. Henry Boll took along a two-horse wagon to carry the outfit, including a barrel of salt, with which to preserve the game. The rest of us went on horseback, Capt. Peak was, of course, our guide and commander.

"We left Dallas in November, 1876, and proceeded by way of Denton, Decatur and Henrietta, to the forks of the Little Wichita River, where we went into camp. Before we reached our destination we ran out of bacon. We found a ranchman or two who had bacon and hogs,but they refused to sell us any meat, fresh or cured. The scrub oak woods seemed to be full of hogs, and there appeared no good reason why we should not have pork. We accordingly appointed Capt. Peak and Col. Sterrett to get a wild hog They got one, but by what hook or crook I never was fully informed. Our first task in camp was to weather an awful rain. It came down in spouts and cataracts, a reguar Noahian turning inside-out of the clouds, which put the river and its tributaries on the wildest rampage.

"There were plenty of buffaloes, antelopes, turkeys and prairie chickens. The turkeys, which fed during the day in the shinnery oak thickets, took to the tall timber along the river at night, in order to get out of reach of prowling wolves. Our party led by the veteran hunter, Capt. Peak, shot them off the roosts by the hundred, and we fed on them until the odor and taste of turkey made us sick. We saw no great swarms of buffaloes, but the country was covered, with small herds. We were armed with buffalo rifles, which carried a long .45 bullet a distance of 600 or 800 yards. The only cartridge six-shooter in the party was owned by Capt. Peak. The rest of us had the old cap and ball navy six-shooters used in the Civil War. It was just fine to see Capt. Peak ride into a bunch of running buffaloes and with the six bullets in his pistol bring down from four to six of the big fellows. He would ride alongside them and break them down in the loins.

"There were two good reasons why the rest of us did not imitate Captain Peak in this thrilling sport. One was that we were not sufficiently accomplished marksmen, and the other and best that our horses would not stand for it. The average horse is mortally afraid of buffaloes and Indians. A horse gets wind of buffaloes or Indians long before a man can discover any signs. Captain Peak's horse must have been trained to the business. One day Capt. Peak espied a beautiful young buffalo with perfectly black hair, and had a mind to get him an extra fine buffalo robe. The hair of most buffaloes was sunburned until it was an ugly brown, almost red. In the chase the buffalo took to the river, which was bankful and running like a mill race. In right after him, Capt. Peak spurred his horse. Buffalo, horse and rider went under. But up they came some yards down the river and out on the other side, where Capt. Peak killed his quarry, but, for some reason did not take its robe. Perhaps he felt that he had been fully repaid for his toil by the fun he had in the chase. The superiority of a cartridge six-shooter over the old cap-and-ball pistol was demonstrated by the fact that after remaining under water while Capt. Peak was swiming the river the powder in the cartridge was still dry enough to explode. An old cap-and-ball pistol soused in water will be perfectly useless until the powder and bullets had been picked out of it and oiled.

"The Comanches and Kiowas were

still roaming the northwest. We saw occasional signs of them but came in sight of no Indians. Worn out by constant riding, tramping and sick of badly-cooked game, we broke camp late in December and started home. The rest of the party came ahead on horseback and left Henry Ball and me to bring up the rear with a wagonload of salted turkey and buffalo meat. One morning we woke up and found ourselves sleeping under a cover of a foot of snow. We drove into Dallas a day or two before Christmas. We distributed our cargo of meat among our friends and declined a Christmas dinner of turkey and buffalo meat which they started to prepare for us, telling them that the only meat we hankered for was bacon.

"Early in January every member of our party was arrested for stealing hogs in Jack County. It was made to appear to us that the owner of the hog which Capt. Peak and Col. Sterrett killed had gone before the grand jury and had our whole party indicted, and that warrants for our arrest had been sent to Sheriff James E. Barkley of Dallas County Bev Scott, one of Sheriff Barkley's deputies served the warrants,assuring each of us, as he placed us under arrest that it was a very unpleasant duty he was perform ing. Some of the party including Capt. Peak, actually made bond before somebody gave it away that it was all a joke. Colonel E. G. Bower, who was county Attorney of Dallas County, happened to be an old friend of the County Attorney of Jack County, and when Col. Bower heard of the swine incident he asked the co-operation of his old friend in the perpetration of a practical joke on our party. I will add that the theft of a horse, a cow or a hog in Texas of those days was as far as possible from the category of the things to be laughed at. You might kill half a dozen men and have a good chance to get out of it and to keep your standing in the community. But public sentiment would tolerate no meddling with another man's live stock unless it were done on a large scale, as when a cowman appropriated the entire herd of another cowman and backed up the appropriation with a more numerous band of cowboys, as we are assured some times happened on the Western range.

"Another sample expedition of the times was undertaken in 1878 by Capt. Peak, Sam Levy(then of Dallas, now of Fort Worth), and myself. We set out with a small camping outfit for Mexico but for what purpose I have not the slightest idea. So far as I was concerned we went just to be on the move. I think the only settlement we struck between Fort Worth and Brownwood was Comanche. There were just a few houses at Brownwood. We went into camp at Embrick's ranch, ten miles this side of Fort Concho. Mr. Levy was a relative of Mr. Embrick, I think. At any rate, Mr. Embrick welcomed us into his neighborhood. Capt. Peak and Mr. Levy left me in charge of the camp while they went to Fort Concho. Late in the day I noticed some Indians or Mexicans, first on one side of me and then on the other. I did not exactly get scared, but when it began to grow dark it occurred to me that I might find a better camping place higher up on the prairie. In moving I passed near the ranchman's house. About the time I had selected a camping place bullets began to whiz uncomfortably close. As I took up my winchester,I perceived that the shots were coming from the ranchman's house.

"I called Mr. Embrick by name. He came out and explained that it was the custom in that part of the country for a well-disposed man to give some sort of sign when he passed a ranchhouse and that as I had failed to observe the custom he felt justified in regarding me an enemy. When my companions returned from San Angelo it was my turn to visit the fort. I had a letter of introduction to one of the sergeants there. Before I had presented my letter a negro entered the saloon where I was sitting and challenged me to a game of poker. When I informed him that I did not play he said; 'You mean you think yourself too good to play with a colored man?' I admitted that that aspect of the case had presented itself. Chin up, he flung out of the bar with the warning that he would be back.

"The bartender, wiping off the counter with his apron and taking up the colloquy where the negro had left it, advised me to beat it while the beating was good. I told him I would not let a negro run me. He replied that it would not be a negro but half a dozen or more negroes and that if I stayed they certainly would smoke me up. Well, not to vary the uncouth phrase of the bartender, I beat it. That night the Indians raided the Embrick ranch and got away with fifty or sixty head of horses. Next morning my

companions informed me that they had decided not to go to Mexico, but to come home, and, with my full consent, back we started. If I ever knew what determined them to abandon the trip I have forgotten it.

"Capt. Peak was at that time City Marsal of Dallas, but that did not prevent him from going on an indefinite leave of absence of his own granting on an armed expedition into a foreign country. A few weeks after our return Capt. Peak was elected City Recorder (Judge of the police court), and a little later on he was commissioned by the Government to be Lieutenant of rangers to run down the Sam Bass gang. Such was the life in Texas forty-five years ago.

Texas and Nacogdoches of Unknown Origin.

The origin of the names Texas and Naeogdoches are alike veiled in mystery The original spelling and pronunciation and their local application were influenced by peculiar environment existing before the white man had come to the land. They were originally used by the aboriginal Indians and heard in the native unwritten dialects. The French explorers, coming from Canada and Louisiana, the Spaniards from Mexico, leadd by the Catholic fathers, and the adventurous fortune-hunting Americans from the States, all appeared and figured among the native Indians about the same time at intervals just before and just after the year 1700, and each had to learn and write these names as they sounded to the ear from the standpoint of their own respective languages. What the French-man called Nac-o-doche the Spaniards called Nac-o-tusch and the American converted into its present form The name of several syallables may have been as many words joined together. It designated a certain leading tribe of Indians occupying territory between the Red River or Sabine on the east and the Trinity on the west. There were other tribes scattered among these, and some of them had names of kindred spelling or sound. The original Nacogdoches county was bounded by empty space, fading into distance.

But a central controlling settlement or tribe of Indians, probably the Nacogdoches tribe, had its headquarters near the old village of Douglas, on a creek where there are some fine springs of drinking water, sixteen miles west of the town of Nacogdoches, on the old San Antonio road, and about four miles east of a crossing on the Angelina River called Linwood. There were other groups or settlements a few miles away in different directions.

It was here that the name Texas was first heard. The Spanish often spelled it Tejas, and both ways it was pronounced Teh-has. There were nine of these tribes that stood in together as friend or allies and designated as tejas.

This "old San Antonio Road" is a well-known term in East Texas. It was the original camino del rey, or most important King's highway from the east to the west. It came out from the old French town of Natichitoches, La., on the Red River, at the original head of navigation. It was the best known big road through Texas. Stephen F. Austin came that way; so did Travis, Bowie, Milam and many other noted pioneers, including the adventurous St. Denis, Philip Nolan, Peter E. Bean and Gil Ybarbo, the colonist leader, who made the only permanent settlement of the town of Nacogdoches in May 1778, going back from San Antonio, after leaving his former abode near the old town of San Augustine, called Ais (I-ees), the present name of a small creek or bayou there.

The corruption of names in their conversion from one language into another, in the spelling or in the calling, is often interesting and there are many instances of such changes that are not known to the parties involved. Among the colonists of Capt. Gil Ybarbo, who occupied permanently the abandoned pueblo of Nacogdoches in 1778, was one Nepomuceno de la Cerdo, with his family. His headright concession or grant of land made by the Spanish government in 1792 lies only a mile or two from town southeastward. He removed in his old age over into Louisiana, where his descendants and kindred now reside known by the Frenchified name of Delcacerdo. There too, the Spanish name Padilla became the French name, Perdie, and Garcia became Garcie. And

these people did not know their ancestry till this land title became questioned and traced out.

The Mexican population is still quite a factor in this old county. For many years in the past intimate intercourse was kept up between the Mexicans of San Antonio and those of Nacogdoches, the line of travel being the Old San Antonio Road. But the Indians are long since gone, not one remaining. The last group to leave was a small bunch that had a habitation until 1840 about twelve miles southeast of town in a secluded or unfrequented section now known as Oil Springs and Woden. They all went in a body.

About the year 1824 there was a peculiar Indian tragedy enacted upon the public plaza. A squad of half a dozen strange young braves suddenly appeared in town in pursuit of another young brave who had come before. They soon found and arrested him, and this created quite a crowd of other people. There was blood in their eye and the captive realized his doom. They explained to the bystanders that he had been guilty of the most dishonorable crime back among his people afar off. He had deceived his lady love and fled. His tribe held a council and decided that her brothers should hunt him down and slay him. He wept and begged for his life. At last he said he had one last favor to beg and, if granted, he was ready to die. It was that he be allowed to drink a quart of whiskey and then live half an hour. The request was granted. At the end of the half hour he lay senseless upon the ground in front of the old stone fort. Then and there these avengers slew him with their knives like Brutus and his fellow patriots slew Caesar. Thus the honor of their race was avenged. They buried him on the north side of the big mound which then loomed up about 300 yards to the north, where the moundbuilders of the unknown past had built it and left it, and then filed away silently and returned to their own tribal lands.

Cox and Cantrell's Fight.

The numerous members of Cox's family were brave frontiersmen and had many fights with the Indians during the frontier days. They came from Fannin county to Southwest Texas and settled in the Nueces country

In 1864 Josh Cox and Silas Cantrell, while out on a horse hunt on Elm creek were attacked by nine Indians. Seven of them ran around a thicket and two charged toward them. At short range Cox and Cantrell both fired and each hit his Indian. They wheeled and ran and the settlers pursued them until hey ran over a bank into the brush and disappeared. The other seven ran also as soon as the guns were fired. One of the wounded Indians was shot through the body, which shot also broke his left arm. He rode his horse six miles to a water hole and dismounting there, tied his horse to a tree and laid down and died. On the seventh day his body and the nearby starved horse were found. The horse belonged to William Pafford. The Indian had seven pairs of moccasins and a flint lock rifle. An old shirt was tied around his body, covering the bullet holes. The head and shoulders of another Indian were found in the Anacatcho mountains by the cowboys and this one was supposed to be the other Indian shot on that occasion. His horse also was found with a piece of rope around his neck. Cantrell had shot the one who died at the water hole.

In 1867 Josh Cox was in another "scrape" with Indians, twenty-six miles from the town of Uvalde on the Nueces river. His father, Nathan Cox and Tom Bingham, Todd Pulliam and himself were in the fight. Pulliam and a Mexican were herding cattle when attacked by the Indians and retreated to the ranch of Captain Cox, about one and a half miles away. During the run to the ranch, however, the Mexican was overtaken and killed, lanced seven times.

The trail was taken up and the Indians overtaken while they were crossing the Nueces river. They had a number of stolen horses and were trying to cross them by pushing them backward off a bluff into the water. Josh Cox was in the lead and shot at the two Indians close together and one of them fell into the river, but swam across to the other side badly wounded. The other man who was in the rear did not fire for fear of hitting Josh Cox, who was between them and the Indians. All were in the trail, one behind the other when they came upon the Indians, who scattered when Cox fired and crossed the river rapidly. Only three head of horses were recovered.

Frontier Times, $1.50 per year.

Horrible Massacre Described by a Survivor.

The story of the massacre of the Webster party and the captivity of Mrs. Webster and her children, as told by Virginia Webster, the only survivor of that terrible tragedy, as published in the San Antonio Express April 27, 1913:

"I will first give you a sketch of my father's life before he came to Texas, as told to me by my mother, and by my uncles and aunts. My father, known as Captain John Webster, something like a hundred years ago now, owned a farm or plantation as it was called then, on the Potomac river in the state of Virginia. On the farm he had 110 negro slaves. Hearing much about the new republic of Texas and the possibilities of this new country, he thought he could better his condition, and so he sold his plantation, and all of his slaves except ten. But before finally deciding to come to Texas, being a lawyer and a good business man he was induced to go into the banking business at Wheeling, W. Va., and bought a form in Harrison county, West Virginia. On this farm he put up a store and built a sawmill and a gristmill. My father, being of a fearless and adventurous disposition, ignored all the stories told him of the wild and dangerous conditions then existing in Texas. He sold part of his possessions in Harrisson county W. Va., and drew all his money out of the Wheeling bank except $10,000 which he left, in case he met with misfortune in the new country. He made up a company of 44 picked men and induced them to come to Texas with him, all being like himself, ready for adventure, and expecting to assist Texas in gaining her independence from Mexico. Captain Webster, with his family, consisting of my mother, one brother 10 years old, and myself, 2 years old, and two or three negro servants and his company of 44 men, landed at Galveston in November of 1836. The fighting with Mexicans and Indians was still going on and my father and his company was in service of Texas from January, 1837, until the first of March, 1839, and twenty-one of his men were killed in battle and many of them wounded. A Mrs. Boone, who lived with us after my father's service in the Texas army, and whom I was with after my return from captivity,told me all about my father's service in the Texan army—and it so impressed my mind that I never forgot it. My father's intention was not primarily to serve in the army, but to speculate in land. He brought his surveyor with him from Virginia, expecting to locate land, and the other members of his company were to assist him and protect him from the Indians, and were to have a part of the land. This is what my uncle, Paul Flesher, who kept me after I escaped from the Indians, told me. After my father's service in the army he went to Hornsby's Bend, a short distance below Austin. We were at Webberville, in Bastrop county, in the spring of 1839, where my father had bought some three hundred beeves and cows, intending to start to the home he had selected and build a fort as a protection against the Indians.

"About June 13 the paty started, consisting of our family, my father, my mother, my brother, and myself, a negro servant and twelve men of my father's company, making fourteen men. There were four wagons with four yoke of oxen to each wagon. We also had one cannon. The wagons were loaded with provisions, amunition, guns, clothing and other supplies. The place selected on which my father intended to make his home was on North Gabriel in what is now Burnet county, near what is now called Strickland. When the Webster party got within about six miles of its destination Indians were discovered in great numbers, and it was thought that the Webster party was not strong enough to engage the Indians in battle, so it was determined that the best thing to do would be to turn back as Colonel Burleson was expected to follow us in a few days with a hundred men. My father also expected to meet some of his men who were following us with a herd of cattle. But we afterwards found that the men driving the herd were delayed by a stampede. The party turned back about sunset, and, in driving in the dark, the axle of one of the wagons was broken. The men worked until about 3 o'clock in the morning repairing the wagon. The party reached a point on Brushy creek, near what is now the town of Leander, in Williamson county, about sunrise. This was on the 12th day of June, and not the 27th day of August as has been erroneously stated in Browne's and other histories of Indian depreda-

tions in Texas. As soon as possible after it was seen that the Indians were going to make an attack the wagons were formed into a small square and immediately the battle began. This was a most unequal battle, for my mother often told me that the number of Indians was estimated by my father and his men to be fully three hundred, my father's party being only 14 men. The battle lasted from sunrise until 10 o'clock at night, when the last man of the Webster party fell.

"By the time the battle was ended six hundred more of the savages had arrived swelling the number to nine hundred, the Indians leaving the scene of the massacre after dark. There were ten sacks of coffee in the wagons and they poured that out on the ground. They smashed the crate that contained my mother's fine china and silver ,that she had brought with her from her home in Virginia, taking the silver and making trinkets out of it with which they ornamented themselves, stringing them around their necks, their arms and and their ankles. My father had his sword with him, and they broke it up into small pieces, breaking the hilt into three pieces for the three chiefs—Guadalupe, Buffalo Hump and Yellow Wolf. While I was very young, scarcely 4 years old, yet I can well remember these old Comanches breaking up the sword, and cutting up the silver on that awful day. Oh, that awful day still haunts my memory, but I feel happy that such sorrow can never come to me again. Oh, it was a horrible sight to see all the brave and good men fell at the hands of the savage demons. I well remember how I cried, and how my little brother fought the Indians after the battle was over, when they would approach him. Neither tongue nor pen could describe the awful sufferings of my dear mother, nor can any reader of this story imagine her horror at seeing her beloved husband and friends cruelly scalped and mutilated, with only two small children with her and expecting every moment to see them, too, killed and scalped. My brother, who was in his 13th year, could distinctly remember all the details of the horrible day and night. After the savages had completed their work of death and destruction they started to their great camping place, which was a good many days' travel from ths bloody scene, taking mother, brother and myself with them.

"When we reached the camping grounds of the Indians they took all our clothing from us, dressing my mother in the garb of the Indian women, and my brother like the Indian boys. As for myself, I never had a stitch of any kind of clothing at any time while I was in the possession of the red devils. Just think about me, a little child, going with out clothing in the winter's cold and summer's sun, in sleet and in snow. If any mother who reads this story will only think of her own tender babe being placed in the situation that I was in she can imagiine the feelings of my mother, and will wonder doubtless, as I often do now, how a little child could endure such hardships and live to be 76 years old, as I have. And to think of the brutal torture I had to undergo at the hands of these brutes in human form—for the red devils burnt me, and whipped me because I cried. They would sometimes tie a rope around my body and throw me into the river, and then drag me out. I still have scars on my body that were made by these savages by burning and whipping me. I was almost a solid sore all over my body when my mother and I reached San Antonio. Just think of me being stark naked and sore all over and in the winter at that.

"At one time for their amusement, they tied me on the back of a wild horse and turned it loose, and a lot of the Indian bucks put in after the wild horse and ran him until he was tired out, and all of this torture to me a little child. Oh, it is impossible for me to tell all the fright and torture and suffering I endured. They treated me worse than they treated my mother, and God knows they treated her cruelly. They treated my brother much better than mother and I for some reason, and he would fight them whenever the occasion offered.

"I don't know how many days we traveled before we reached the camp of the whole tribe of Comanches. When we did reach them they held a great war dance, displaying during the dancing the scalps of men, women and children they had murdered on their expedition, holding them on their spears and hoops, while dancing around a big fire, and when they would pass my mother, they would dash the scalps in her face, and in the faces of the other women captives. Indeed, it was a most horrible

scene for all of us. These orgies lasted perhaps for ten days or more, and at the conclusion of their dances and the celebration of their victories, they divided up into bands, one band taking my mother, another taking my brother, and I was taken by another,there being about thirty women and children captives being taken by the band that took me. These bands went in different directions and I never saw my mother and brother but three times after this separation. I was the only small white child in the bunch that took me, and I was given to some of the old squaws, I for one having a savage "mama," The first time the whole Comanche tribe got together after holding their great war dance, soon after we were captured, was at the enchanted rock in Llano county. The next time was at Santa Fe, N. M., and the last time was at the head of the Devil's river. Each time the whole tribe came together my mother stole me out and tried to make her escape, but was unsuccessful, the Indians recapturing us. At the last gathering of the tribe, which was held on the Devil's river, and in the month of February, the Comanches were preparing to make a treaty with the white people, and had promised for a certain amount to deliver all the captives they then held, and the delivery of the captives was to be made at San Antonio. Mother told me that at that time they had thirty-three white prisoners, including my mother, brother and myself. During the time the tribe was together on the Devil's river, previous to starting to San Antonio, mother said she saw the Indians murder six white girl prisoners and, being able to understand and speak the Indian language and Spanish too, she learned that, under certain circumstances, all the captives were to be killed.

"Knowing full well what our fate would be if their treaty with the whites did not go to suit them, my mother decided to make an effort to escape. As soon as she determined to escape she began preparations. She was able to get a small amount of dried buffalo tongue, and this with a small exception of fish that she caught , and some roots that she could dig up with a stick or with her hands, was all the food we had along the three hundred mile journey. The fish were eaten raw, as we had no means of making a fire to cook them. My mother carried me nearly all the way I only being strong enough to walk short distances. We traveled altogether at night, hiding during the day, avoiding the trails and watering places, for mother knew that many of the warriors were then on their way to San Antonio to attend the treaty meeting and that we might at any time be discovered and recaptured which meant death to us. When we got near San Antonio—I was told afterward that it was three miles from the city—we were so weak and so near starved to death that mother had almost given up, to lie down and die, and I was too weak to cry. We were sitting under a live oak and happily for us it was on a small rise near a road. Mother happened to see a train of Mexican carts coming along the road. We were within two hundred yards of the road, but did not know it. Mother saw from where we were that the man, or boss, in charge of the train was white. As soon as she saw that it was a white man her joy knew no bounds. She was too weak to call him, but began waving her hands, and, as soon as he saw her he stopped the train, and he and all the Mexicans came to us.

"Six of the Mexicans came near enough that they could hear my mother speak, but they could not understand English , and my mother then spoke to them in Spanish.

"My mother had on what little was left of her Indian garb, which certainly was scant enough, and the Mexicans did not know what to make of us. Her moccasins were gone and her feet were worn to the bone and were bleeding. The boss of the train took off his coat and wrapped mother in it, and a Mexican picked me up and carried me to the carts and wrapped me in a blanket. They at once unloaded one of the carts and put us in it, and started with us into San Antonio.

"The boss rode along beside the cart talking to mother and hearing her story and when near the city he rode off as fast as his horse could carry him and told the story of our rescue.

"When we reached the city it seemed that every bell in the town was ringing, all rejoicing at our escape from the Indians. Mexicans and white people came to the cart to see us. It was about 11 o'clock in the morning when we got into the city.

"My mother was so nearly dead from hunger she cried for something to eat,

and the doctors only allowed a tablespoonful of beef broth to be given us at intervals. I was too weak to walk without assistance.

"My brother was brought in by the Indians about six days after we reached San Antonio. I think this was in March, 1840, and about the time of what is known as the 'Council House Fight.'

"I can remember a man of the name of Cooksey going with mother, brother and I to see the dead Indians. I was not a bit scared at the sight of the dead Indians, Mr. Cooksey saying that I was the "nerviest" child he ever saw.

"Mr . Cooksey said blood and brains were scattered on the floor and walls, and it made him shudder to look at it, but he said I looked around at the dead Indians and called some of them by name while he held me in his arms. I was told that nearly a thousand warriors came to this treaty meeting, and it was the refusal of the Indians to give up their captives, and their treachery, that brought on the fight.

"The people of San Antonio were very kind to us, made up money for us and gave us clothing.

"The men who went out and found the bodies of my father and his party, went back to Austin and reported, and Col. Ed Burleson, with one hundred men, went in pursuit of the Indians. But it was too late to overtake them. Burleson's men went to the scene of the massacre, but the bodies were decomposed and it was impossible to handle them, but the burial party could recognize each one. Not finding the bodies of mother, brother and myself among the slain, they took the trail of the Indians in the hopes of rescuing us. They followed the trail ten days until the trail showed that they separated into several bands.

"The men sent to bury the remains of the massacred party scattered over the prairie, gathered them up and dug a grave the best they could with hatchets and hunting knives, and used one of the wagonbeds for a coffin.

"Several of the Burlesons were along when they buried the dead, and they were friends of my father, and they told me all I know about the burial of my father and his party. It is sad to think that all these pioneers, good and brave men, have passed away, never enjoying the pleasures of the victories they fought so bravely to win.

"They are at rest. May their memory ever be cherished by those who are enjoying the fruits of their battles and labors!

"Mother took my brother and I and started to our home in Virginia. At Galveston my brother was afraid to go aboard the vessel and General Houston took him and placed him in school. Mother and I went to Virginia and arranged affairs there and returned to make Texas our home.

"Mother never was herself again after her sufferings and bereavements, and she died July 29, 1845. My brother remained in college until the breaking out of the war between the United States and Mexico, when he enlisted in the army and went to Mexico. At Monterey he was wounded and died there

"The Indians dressed, if what little they wore could be called dress, principally of buckskin, the children all going naked, and I was dressed like the Indian children For bedding, buffalo robes was all they had. Their food was wild meats and fish, acorns, pecans and roots of different kinds. They had no bread nor any substitute for it unless it was the acorns they ate. Their dress for both women and men was made of buckskin, the children were perfectly naked, as was I as long as I was with them and until I reached San Antonio. Their bedding was buffalo robes.

"The Comanches were a roving tribe of Indians, traveling over the plains of Texas and New Mexico. The men were large and portly and were fine specimens of the human race. They were always on the warpath and would not keep a treaty made with the white people. They were bloodthirsty and savage, and did not want to remain at peace.

"My mother left me in Virginia and I stayed there until, in 1849, when my uncle, who was coming to Texas with his family, brought me back with him. I was married at the age of 17 to M. G. Strickland, February 3, 1853, and we moved to the place where my father was going to build his fort, which was afterward the village called Strickland, in Burnet County. We remained there until the death of my husband, August 12, 1865. In June 1868 I was married to Charles Munro Simmons, who died in 1889, leaving me with three sons and one daughter. We afterward moved to

Oregon and thence to California, my present home.

In looking back over my past life, full of sorrows and grief, I wonder how I could have endured it all and live to be as old as I am. I know that it was only by the protecting care of God that I was enabled to go through it all. Those who may read this story cannot appreciate what my mother suffered while being dragged and driven over the mountains and plains of the wild western country in rain and snow, with no clothing nor shoes. What would a mother in these days of peace and freedom from dangers that beset the early pioneers of Texas do if her three-year-old babe was snatched from her arms by cruel savages, stripped of clothing, beaten, bruised, burned, cruelly treated for crying?

"After all that I and my family suffered as pioneers in Texas, I feel that the great commonwealth of Texas, its people having all that peace and wealth and prosperity can bring, should in some way prove its gratitude to those who came to Texas during its struggles with the Indians and Mexcans, and sacrificed their lives and property, endured hardships and privations, conquering the wilderness and making it 'bloom as the rose.'

"I feel that it would be nothing but right for the great Empire State of Texas to make the last days of these few survivors of the Indian massacres comfortable and happy, as there are only a very few left; in fact, I do not know of a single one living except myself. The history of Texas has been only partially and imperfectly written, and cannot be. It has a history that reads like a romance and is peculiar to itself. Texas has many charms for me, yet I suppose nearly all whom I once knew have passed away and have ceased from troubling. Texas soil holds the remains of my parents, who gave up all for Texas, and I alone am left. I am now 76 years old, am able to do my housework and have written this story with my own hand."

The Trail of Blood Along the Texas Border

This series of Frontier Stories was written several years ago by John Warren Hunter, now deceased. One article of the series will appear each month in Frontier Times.

During the year 1873, the Indians had been comparatively quiet along the Texas frontier, but as they again began raiding the border settlements and committing depredations it became necessary to send another expedition against them. The frontier forces had been depleted, and to make a respectable escort it was compulsory to draw off all available men within 1,000 miles of the border, hence when Gen. Mackenzie was ready to start on this expedition, he had drawn troops from every post from Fort Richardson (Jacksboro) to Fort Duncan on the Rio Grande, and yet the fighting force, exclusive of train guards and packers, was only about 400 men. The gathering of the clans took place at the old supply camp on the Clear Fork and was completed by the arrival of the Seminole Scouts from the Rio Grande, twenty-one strong and seven Tonkawas from Fort Concho, on the 18th of September.

The command moved north along the edge of the staked plains on the 19th, and on the 20th, a party of four of our spies, who were a day's march in advance, were discovered and attacked by twenty-five Comanches, and after a short sharp fight they were put to flight. One of them had his horse shot from under him, but he succeeded in mounting another old animal and the four reached the Seminole camp in safety. The pursuers took alarm and ran off their herd of about 100 horses in a southerly direction with great haste. General McLaughlin was at once dispatched with part of the cavalry in pursuit and he followed the trail more than thirty-five miles, before dark, obliging the Indians to drop several horses and abandon considerable camp equipage in their flight. When it became too dark to follow the trail, McLaughlin, who must have been close on their heels but with another night's start on the part of the Indians the race would have been hopeless, returned to the main camp.

Mackenzie resumed his march in the direction of Palo Duro canyon, a deep,

wide declivity running through the northwestern part of the plains country, sending part of the command ahead with instructions to camp in Tule Canyon and return next day for the purpose of deceiving the Indian spies, who were known to be watching the column. On the 26th a few Indians appeared and skirmished with the outposts near the Tule Canyon, after which that detachment pulled up stakes and joined the main camp near the Palo Duro. That night every man laid down to sleep with his clothes on, fully expecting an attack before morning—and it came.

At fifteen minutes past 10 p. m. several parties of Indians from ten to thirty each, dashed upon different sides of our camp, firing in among the men and horses and yelling like demons, in vain attempt to stampede our stock. They charged around the camp a few times until they found that the stock would not stampede, after which they chose a position below in the Canyon from which they kept up a desultory fire until morning, doing no damage except shooting Lieutenant Thompson's horse through the neck, putting another ball through the saddle pockets, while our return fire hit several horses at least, for they were found dead in the ravine the next morning.

Before it was fairly light the Indians, who had no idea of our strength, came boldly out for a fight, to the number of about 150. One company of scouts and Indians, commanded by Lieutenant Thompson, were ordered to charge and drive them from the vicinity, while the rest of the companies were saddling and packing. The charge was made in great style, our boys going through their center in the most determined manner without losing a single man, but killing several Indians ,while Thompson and his scouts acted as flankers on each side, killing other Indians without loss to themselves. One Indian they killed attracted general attention on account of his fine appearance. He was high upon the side of the canyon,superbly mounted, when one of the Seminole scouts dismounted and, taking deliberate aim, killed the Comanche's horse. Regaining his feet, the Indian started off at a great speed across the open plain. One of the Tonkaways gave chase, ran his horse upon him and finished him with his six-shooter, the pistol being so near his head that the powder burned his skin.

The Comanches scattered in every diretion, but finally rallied again in plain view two or three miles in our front on the prairie and then marched off to the eastward in close column formation like a detachment of civilized troops. Our cavalry did not follow, the Indian device was too apparent. McKenzie knew that every step taken on following their trail, which was meant to deceive and mislead, would have carried the command that much further away from their villages and villages were what Mackenzie was after. The column remained in camp until 2 p. m. when it marched out a few miles in the direction the Comanches had gone and went into camp as if for the night at a water hole on the plain, knowing full well that Indian spies were watching its every movement.

Just after dark the command saddled up and started off almost due north at a rapid pace, arriving at the brink of the big Palo Duro canyon at dawn. It was here that McKenzie expected to find their village, and he was not disappointed. Looking far down beneath their feet, the troopers saw the Indian lodges, stretching for miles along the wide gorge of the canyon, and the Indian herds grazing in all directions. Officers and men contemplated the scene with admiration and wonder, but how to reach the floor of the great gash in the plain was the question. A narrow, dizzy winding trail was soon found, such as a goat could scarcely travel, and the cavalry began the descent down the side of the yawning precipice Observing this unexpected approach, the Indians were seized with alarm and began a wild, hasty retreat.

The descent took nearly an hour, but at last the troopers were all down and ready and eager for the fray. Thompson and his scouts and Captain Boehm and Colonel Beaumont led the charge with such impetuosity that warriors, women, children and old bucks fled in every direction. After a short but sharp fight, the troops charged on down the canyou through the village, which proved to be scattered along for about three miles. It was a running fight for the entire distance but the command was fortunate in having only one man desperately wounded and only fourteen horses killed and wounded. After driving the Indians from their villages the general ordered all the lodges burned

and a general destruction of everything found in the villages. He also directed that all the stock found in the canyon should be rounded up and driven to the plain above the canyon. While executing these orders, sharp fighting was had with isolated bunches of Indians who had rallied and taken positions high up on the sides of the canyon which they had reached by trails known only to themselves, and which could not be found by our men. However, they were driven from this position and fell back up the canyon to the mouth of Canyon City and here the main fight occurred.

Gradually the Indians were forced back to where the canyon narrows down to a gorge with a small valley in front. Here they offered such stout resistance that the general began to consider a retreat as being his next move. Hon. Chas. Goodnight of Goodnight, Texas, who was ranching in the vicinity at the time says that it being impracticable to take any sort of a wheeled vehicle into the canyon, General Mackenzie had two small mountain howitzers mounted on the backs of two big American mules and as he found his men closely pressed by the enemy, who were hidden from view behind rocks and brush, he ordered his mule battery into action. The two mules were turned round into position, tail foremost, and at the first fire of the cannon, these husky animals stampeded and tore around at a marvelous rate. They ran into the Indian lines, tore through them, and finally headed back to the general's command. This so demoralized the Indians, who are always more or less superstitious, that they, too, became frightened and stampeded.

Mr. Goodnight says that after the fight was over, the Indians, while recounting the events of the day, told some of the officers that they had faced all kinds of guns carried by the white man without fear but when it came to shooting mules at them they had to skip out; it was something new to them.

The Indians left the canyon and struck out for the plains, followed by Mackenzie to near the head of Tule canyon, where another fight took place in which the savages were routed, their village burned, their herds taken and 112 squaws, children and old bucks captured. In the captured herd there were about 1,500 head of horses. Officers and men were allowed to select one or two of each of the best ponies out of the herd while the rest, to the number of 1,300, were rounded up on the plain and shot—this in order to prevent their recapture by the Indians. While Mackenzie did not mind killing Indians he hated to kill the 1,300 horses and it was done only as a war expedient to rid the country of prowling bands of mounted Indians who would attack and kill defenseless women and children.

All the Indian lodges were burned and everything belonging to the Indians was either carried away or destroyed. The friendly Tonkawas and others found time to secure considerable plunder while the fighting was in progress and before the village was burned and some of the loot they took is worthy of mention. There were bows and arrows lances and shields, quivers, buffalo robes dressed with and without hair, painted and decorated, new blankets just from the reservation (and it was curious to note that these blankets were only about 4 feet by 3 in size, obliging them to run two together to make one of ordinary size), stone china, kettles, tools and implements of various descriptions, even a pair of tinner's shears; breech-loading arms, with plenty of metallic cartridges, one mule being found packed with 500 rounds and another loaded with lead and powder bags; bales of calico, turkey red; sacks of Osage and Mission flour, and groceries in profusion. In addition to these there were large quantities of dried venison, buffalo meat and dressed wild turkeys, dried and ready for use.

The captured squaws, children and old bucks were escorted to Fort Concho where they were held some six or eight months, when they were sent to the Fort Sill reservation. Among those captured were three young bucks who, while en route to Concho, butted their brains out, preferring death to captivity.

The following document was found among effects of the dead Indians, may be of interest:

Office Kiowa and Comanche Agency,
I. T. 4. Mo. 9-1874.

Long Hungry is recommended as a Chief among the Cochetethea Comanche Indians and promises to use his influence for good among his people while continuing to conduct himself in a friendly way and peaceable manner. I ask for him kind treatment by all with whom he may come in contact.

J. M. Harworth,
U. S. Indian Agent,

A Survivor of the Mier Expedition.

Major Whitfield Chalk came from the other side of the Mississippi. Reared in the stirring days of the war of 1812-15, Whitfield Chalk had little trouble in adjusting his life to the dangers and uncertainties which then marked the day in Texas. His father, Capt. William Chalk came to this country from England shortly before the war of 1812, settling in South Carolina with his family which consisted of his wife and young Whitfield. When the latter had reached the age of twelve years, the family moved to Tennessee, the state from which Texas was then drawing most of her pioneers. The death of his father a few years afterwards caused young Chalk to turn his eyes also towards the west, which then still lay as a riddle and Eldorado before all men.

On his trip down the Mississippi on one of the old steamboats, Mr. Chalk had a rather unusual experience. Crew and passengers were attacked by the cholera and all of them, with the exception of Chalk and the captain of the old craft died. Ultimately he participated in the famous Mier expedition and was one of the very few that escaped with their lives.

After many trials in his wanderings through the wide expanses of Texas, Chalk decided to join Fisher's company, then one of the crack organizations in the army of Texas. In this band served such men as "Big Foot" Wallace, Bate Berry and "Jeems" O'Rice, all of them heroes of the Texas-Mexican War Together with them Chalk was captured at Mier. However, he never had to face the firing squad, for he drew one of the white beans that gave life to those who were fortunate enough to draw one of them.

The night following the capture of the Texans was stormy and an impenetrable darkness prevailed. Though the prisoners of war had no inkling then of what their fate was to be, Whitfield Chalk and one other member of the expedition thought it well to attempt escape. On their way to some huts that were to shelter and guard them for the night, Chalk and his companion quietly slipped out of the line and concealed themselves under some sheaves of corn stacked against the wall of a small building. Had it been daylight the men would have been found by the Mexicans without much trouble. Their feet protruded from under the stalks. It is also possible the Mexican soldiery concluded that the missing prisoners could not escape anyway, and that for this reason they did not make close search as they would have done otherwise. At any rate Chalk and his companion succeeded in reaching the open country beyond the camp of the Mexicans.

All night long they pushed through the dense chaparral. Though both were nearly exhansted, there was nothing to do but put as much distance between themselves and the Mexicans as possible. It was in the dry season of the year. The ground showed many a wide, gaping crack. Into them now and then would stumble the weary feet of the fugitives. Before long both of them had lost their shoes. Distance, they knew, was the only thing that would save them, and seconds, therefore, were precious. Moreover, the shoes worn by them were too large and heavy, and since safety lay in flight and sore feet could be healed, they decided to do without them. Later in the day they regretted having left their shoes behind, but it was then too late to get them back. Finally they reached the lines of the Texas forces, rejoined them and fought to the end of the war.

With peace established, Whitfield Chalk settled in Williamson county, and became its first sheriff. He died, 91 years of ae, at Kempe, Tex., a few years ago recognized in his circle as one of the most valiant fathers of the Texas republic and an ardent champion of liberty. In recognition of his services, President Sam Houston gave him, on August 5, 1844, the major's commission.

Pioneer Died From Injuries.

Joseph W. Minear, a pioneer citizen of Bandera county, died at San Antonio October 6, from injuries received when he was struck by an I. & G. N. passenger train. The remains were interred at Bandera. Mr. Minear was 73 years old. He resided in Bandera county nearly fifty years, moving to San Antonio about twelve years ago. He was a member of Captain John W. Sanson's ranger company with headquarters at Camp Verde, in 1870

J. C. Bryant Has Had An Eventful Career.

J. C. Bryant, now living at Bowie, is 75 years old, Confederate veteran, Indian fighter, former cattle inspector on the old Chisholm trail and former sheriff, who came to Montague county fifty-four years ago, has led an eventful career and is brim full of thrilling stories of Indian battles and of adventure during the early days on the frontier.

For many years he was a scout anl was acquainted with the trails and water holes on what was then the vast arid expanse between the Rio Grande and northern Kansas and between Bowie and the New Mexico line.

As a scout and Indian fighter, he participated in many battles with redskins during the '70's. As inspector on the old Chisholm trail he became acquainted with all the prominent cow men who flourished and made history nearly two generations ago, few of whom are living now.

He recalls with vividness many famous encounters with Indians during the last days of the buffalo including the famous battle of Adobe Walls, to commemorate which a monument will be erected next June on the banks of the Canadian River by the Panhandle Plains Historical Society.

He was not a participant in this battle, but in after years he was a close friend of the Comanche chief. Quanah Parker and other Indians of note, and heard their versions of the all day fight.

Mr. Bryant says that Quanah Parker, who was a young man when the attack on the Adobe Wall fort took place, told him that he was a participant therein and he was the Indian who, after the attack and subsided, stood on the crest a neighboring hill and made himself a target for the famous long shot fired by Billie Dixon with a buffalo gun, which has since caused a great deal of comment among historians.

The history of the Adobe Walls battle sets forth that the identity of the Indian brought down by the unerring aim of Scout Billie Dixon was never ascertained. It says that after the traders and buffalo hunters had driven off the attacking Inlians, the redskins withdrew to the foothills, nearly a mile distant.

The Adobe Walls stockade was in the river flats and the Indians approached and opened the attack from the foothills or brakes of the Canadian. The morning sun, it is declared, was in the eyes of the Indians and they were placed at a great disadvantage. They attacked repeatedly, riding directly up to the doors of the stockade in the face of a withering fire.

When finally driven off, with great losses, late in the afternoon, the main portion of the band sought protection in the canyons among the foothills, but one Indian, more intrepid than the rest rode to the crest of a small hill directly overlooking the stockade and, bodly facing the whites, taunted them in every manner possible. He shouted and hurled gibes at them and made insulting gestures, defying them to shoot, as he believed himself out of range of any ordinary weapon, such as was used in those days.

"That Indian was I," Quanah Parker told Mr. Bryant a few years later. "I was mad through and through. We had miscalculated the strength of the traders and buffalo hunters and our attack had failed, particularly on account of the early morning sun being in our eyes. After rallying our forces in the canyons we decided that in face of the losses we had sustained, another attack would be futile. Our Medicine man and some of the chiefs were dead.

"Maddened through disappointment and chagrin, I went up on top of the little hill, about 1,000 yards or more from the stockade, and shouted our defiance at the buffalo hunters. I also made gestures of various kinds to arouse the anger of the inmates of the post. I had no idea that a bullet at that range could hit me. Finally, I saw one of the white men borrow a gun from another and take deliberate aim at me. Feeling sure that he could not hit me, I continued my insulting gestures. To my great surprise the bullet struck me in the side, and, not only knocked me flat in the tall grass, but broke two of my ribs.

"Members of my tribe came and got me and carried me away, but it was many weeks before I recovered from my wounds. It is a wonder that I was not killed outright."

When he imparted this information concerning Quanah Parker Mr. Bryant was attending the reunion of Confeder-

ate Veterans and old settlers held at Bowie during the latter part of August.

"My father," said Mr. Bryant, "was a resident of Polk County in the early days and I was born there. He was the first sheriff of Bosque county and was waylaid and killed on Village Creek, in Johnson county, not far from the Shannon settlement in the '60's. When I was 18 years old I came to Montague county in the winter of 1859 with my mother and stepfather and the family, including four other children. We settled five miles west of the town of Montague. Three years later a band of Indian raiders drove off our horses and cattle and we removed to the town of Montague.

"At the age of 16, when the war between the States broke out, I volunteered my services and became a member of Main's company of Bourland's Regiment of the Confederacy, which was stationed on the frontier during the war to hold the hostile Indians in check. When the war ended I was discharged from service at Red River Station in Montague county, but a short time later re-enlisted in a company of minute men under Shannon which was being organized for protection of the settlers. During the next two years I was a scout and was constantly in the saddle.

"Soon after I joined the company of minute men about 100 Indians made a raid on the fort at Red River Station, where there were twenty families and thirty-five men. They killed a few of the settlers and escaped with the horses. A little later a war party of 150 Indians came from Gainsville and after rounding up all of the horses in Denton county, came out through Montague county. About thirty-five of us followed and overtook them at Byers, Clay county, about 15 miles from Henrietta, where a fight took place. We advanced and attacked about two hours before sunset and the fight lasted until after dark.

"At the beginning, the Indians led us into an ambush and we were soon surrounded by some 400 or 500 warriors as the original party had formed a juncture with others. We were among the sandhills and it appeared, as the sun went down, that the crest of every sandhill for a mile and a half around us was covered with Indians. We were mounted and escaped in the darkness, although our horses were fagged out. We killed about thirty-five Indians. One of our own men was badly wounded.

"After our escape from the hills we crossed the Big Wichita River. The Indians followed us to the bank, but did not attempt to cross. The other day I saw a piece in the Dallas News about the finding of a skeleton on a farm about a dozen miles from Henrietta. I know what that skeleton was. It was the skeleton of one of those Indians, for it was found on the exact spot where that battle took place.

"I was in many other fights with Indians. During the course of one month, in September, 1868, I was a participant in 12 skirmishes between the whites and the redskins. After a running fight, I killed an Indian in a hand-to-hand fight on the prairie four miles west of Bowie. It occurred on a day when we had a scrap with a band of Kiowas that had stolen some horses. We scattered the band and recaptured the horses. This Indian took off across the prairie and I followed him about a mile. He was armed with two pistols and after emptying one at me, dropped it and continued to run. He came to a wide ditch and I closed in and killed him. For a long time I had his shield and his bow and arrows in my possession as souvenirs, but gave them away a few years ago.

"During the four years I was inspector of the Chisholm trail I must have inspected a million cattle. The old trail ran from San Antonio up towards Dodge City and all the old-time cowmen drove their cattle to market over it. When I used to scout over this country in the 70's I didn't think it would ever be settled, or that they would ever get rid of the prairie dogs and the buffalo, but they did."

Mr. Bryant has farmed for many years but until a few years ago owned a ranch near Wichita Falls. He was sheriff of Montague county during 1895 and 1896. He was the most active man at the recent reunion of old settlers at Bowie, and although nearly four-score years old, he has the appearance and vitality of a man less than sixty.

It is officially estimated that hens in Great Britain laid 1,750,000,000 eggs during 1921.

For nearly all the diseases that affect infancy and childhood, the death rate of girls is lower than that of boys.

The Bloody Career of Billy the Kid.

Billy the Kid was a New Yorker. His right name was William H. Bonney. He first saw the light of day in New York City, Manhattan Island, State of New York on the twenty-third day of November in the good year of our Lord 1859. Three years later his family made Coffeyville, Kan., their home and young Bonney's father died there. Mrs. Bonney and her two sons went to Colorado. There she married a man named Antrim Subsequently the family made its home in Sante Fe, N. M., and then Silver City, N. M.

During their residence in Silver City young Bonney, or as he will hereafter be known, Billy the Kid reached his twelfth year and killed his first man—the first of twenty-two which he is said to have slain in his brief but bloody career. The kllng was during a saloon row and the weapon used was a pocket knife.

After this killing Billy lived a nomadic sort of life. With a youthful companion he ranged at large over New Mexico and Arizona, gaining a reputation for considerable skill at cards in the gamblng houses of the various mining camps. One apocryphal story has it that in attempting to steal a bunch of horses from the Apache Indians they killed three of the band. For a time Billy found occupation as a professional gambler at Tuscon, Ariz., but was forced to give this up and flee after having killed another man in a quarrel over cards. He was next heard from in Sonora, Mexico, again following his profession of gambling.

One of the most famous gamblers of that day was Jose Martinez. Martinez ran a gambling house at Sonora. He was quick with his gun and he had killed a number of men. One day the youthful palefaced New Yorker and Martinez engaged in a game of monte. Martinez accused Billy the Kid of cheating. Billy was the quickest with his gun and Martinez, gun in hand and cocked, fell never to rise again.

Here was a mere boy with the beard not yet sprouted on his face who had a record as a killer of which few even of the veterans could boast. His fame spread.

Almost six weeks to a day after Martinez was killed a young fellow rode into the old town of Chihuahua. Here a fandango was in progress and the merry makers divided their time between the monte games and the dance halls.

The young man mingled with the crowds, danced a little, rode a great deal, and, singular to say, gambled not at all, according to reports. Finally he strolled toward a monte dealer who had been presiding over a game where the play was particularly heavy. The monte dealer looked up as the young man approached, and gazed down the barrel of a six shooter. He started back. As he did so the young man calmly appropriated all the money in sight, backed out of the place and disappeared. He robbed several other games the same night and wound up the engagement by securing a companion and waylaying, robbing and killing still another monte dealer who was repairing to his shack after the night's play had ended.

On crossing the Rio Grande after this exploit Billy the Kid began operations in the Southwest, ranging for a time through Texas. He became a cow puncher. Reports spread that with a companion he had had a difficulty with a band of Apaches, of whom he had killed at least one.

Following this he became involved in a feud between ranchmen. In this he is credited with killing two or three more men. The murder of Sheriff William Brady and George Hindman by the young desperado and his companions was committed early in 1878. The Kid was now an Ishmaelite. His hand was against every man and every man's hand was against him. It was only a short time before he had killed an Indian Agency clerk named Bernstein and fled for safety to the Pecos Valley. Here he organized a band of outlaws who made a business of stealing horses. This seems to have occupied most of his attention for two years. The next killng was of a man named Grant.

In the latter part of 1880 a posse was sent out from White Oaks for the purpose of getting the Kid, dead or alive. The Kid and his men were beseiged in a house on a ranch forty miles away. In a parley that followed one of the Kid's gang sent word that he would talk to Jimmie Carlyle of the posse if Carlyle would enter the building. Carlyle agreed, and leaving his patrol behind,

entered and remained several hours. In the afternoon members of the posse were startled by a sound of crashing window glass. They saw Carlyle leap through the aperture and run wildly away. A perfect hail of lead folowed him and he fell dead.

The killing of Carlyle inflamed the whole border country for he was widely known and well liked by everybody. From every section of the vast expanse of that wild, free country the demand went up that the Kid be apprehended and made to pay the penalty. A price was put upon his head, but he remained defiant and insolent. Eluding the posse he gained the mountain fastness and pursuit seemed hopeless.

It was at this juncture that Pat Garrett appeared upon the scene. Garrett had been made sheriff only a short time before and immediately began the long tireless pursuit after the Kid and his gang. Organizing a gang composed of some of the most famous men on the border he gave chase. The story of that chase would make reading as interesting as any of the chronicles of the borderland. The Kid and three of his companions were finally captured and two others killed.

The Kid was taken to Mesilla and tried before Judge Bristol. He was acquited of the murder of Bernstein. The next trial was for the killing of Sheriff William Brady, and this resulted in his conviction and assessment of the death penalty. The sentence read that he should be hanged at Lincoln. As there was no jail at Lincoln a guard was provided.

One evening the Kid caught up a revolver from the table in the room where he was kept, and shot and killed one of the guards, the other being absent at supper. Springing into the next room he procured a shotgun, and with this he shot the other guard through a window as he crossed the street below. Then he compelled some one to file off one of his leg irons, made another man bring him a horse and dashed away to the mountain fastnesses again.

The news reached Sheriff Garrett quickly and he took the trail once more, determined this time that the Kid should be catpured and kept in captivity until hanged. The Kid was killed in Summer, N. M. Garrett learned where a Mexican girl, the sweetheart of Billy the Kid, resided with her old father, and there lay in wait for the outlaw, who came to the hut about nightfall, unsuspicious of danger. In response to Garrett's command to surrender, Billy the Kid reached for his gun, but the next instant was shot dead in his tracks.

Terry's Rangers Elect Officers.

Major George T. McGee of San Marcos, was re-elected president of the Terrey's Texas Rangers, at the close of the fifty-second annual reunion of this famous organization at Austin, September 27.

Other officers elected included: Mrs. W. T. Wroe, Austin, vice-president; T. M. Rector, Manor, vice-president; Mrs. W. M. Owens, Austin, secretary; Shirley Gregg, Travis county, corresponding secretary; Dr. W. R. Minter, Austin, chaplin. Austi n was selected as the place for holding the next annual reunion.

There were less than a dozen members of the association in attendance at the reunion. It orignally had a strength of 1500. Not more than 50 of the old soldiers are still living, but the majority were unable to come on account of physical infirmities.

The veterans were royally entertained during the two days of the reunion.

Hon. George W. Tyler, of Belton, who is writing a history of Bell county, writes the editor of Frontier Times: "Your History of Bandera County is a very interesting work and we old Texans enjoy so much the perusal of the memoirs of the old pioneers because it is like traveling over the same roads we and our fathers went over in the early days of Texas settlement. The incidents of those times—the experiences of those old pioneers—are fast fading away from memory into oblivion and there will never be their like again. Those engaged in rescuing and preserving the biographies and histories of the first settlements of the first several sections of Texas are doing a grand work and it is a satisfacton to know that earnest men like you are devoting their time and talent to this splendid purpose."

Notice to Publishers.

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Reconstruction Days in San Antonio.

Taylor Thompson, in Fort Worth Record

During the period that has passed into history as the reconstruction days,the people of the southern states and especially those who had served in the Confederate army, were made the victims of many acts of cruelty and oppression. The people of Texas did not suffer so much as those of the other southern states, but heaven knows it was bad enough in Texas. All of the southern states were under military rule and all the civil offices were filled by military appointees, a horde of hungry men from the North who were known as carpetbaggers and scalawags, whose only idea seemed to be to oppress the southern people and to line their pockets. There were many men in Texas who had served in the Confederate army who had never learned "To bend the pregnant hinges of the knee, that thrift might follow fawning," who did not take kindly to the military carpet-bag rule and were outspoken in their denunciations of the many acts of tyranny practiced. Among these was Major Dan McGary, who was a lawyer of ability and a fluent writer who started out at the begining of the war as orderly sergeant of the company to which I belonged. Soon after the close of hostilities Major McGary became editor of the Brenham Banner, a weekly paper published at Brenham. General Griffin was in command of the department of Texas at that time and he undertook to exercise a strict censorship over the press of Texas. With this idea in view he issued an order, a copy of which was sent to every newspaper in Texas, requiring the publisher thereof to send two copies of his paper to Gen. Griffin's headquarters. When Major McGary received this order he wrote to Gen. Griffin that the subscription price of the Banner was $3 per annum and to Yankees and carpetbaggers payment in advance was strictly required and on the receipt of $6 he would be pleased to send him two copies of the Banner. For this and many other utterances of a similar nature. Major McGary was arrested and imprisoned in the county jail at Brenham and from his cell in the prison he was wont to write his editorials to the Banner, dating them all County Jail, Washington, Texas. I remember one of these editorials began with the words, "Breathes there a man with soul so dead Who never to himself has said, Damn the Freedman's bureau."

For the publication of this particular article Major McGary was heavily ironed and chained to the floor of the cell. He was finally released from prison, however, and lived to see the horde of Carpet Baggers and Scallawags pack up their carpet bags and return whence they came. Major McGary died some years ago, and at the time of his death was editor of the Houston Age. For some years before his death the press of Texas always spoke of him as Uucle Dan'l.

There was at that time and is yet a regiment of the United States cavalry known as the Ninth, which was composed entirely of negroes. This regiment was ordered to the frontier to garrison the frontier forts of Texas and passed through San Antonio, near which city they camped for several weeks. There was in that portion of Texas no branch of what was known as the Ku-Klux-Klan but there were several similar secret organizations composed of ex-Confederates, which were organized for the protection of the southern people, which had their signs, grips and passwords and in which the female relatives of any member were eligible for membership. The female members were only entrusted with the signs and words to be used in cases of distress or danger. The negroes belonging to the Ninth cavalry were not permitted by their officers to come to town armed, but one day a burly mulatto negro succeeded in eluding vigilance of the guard at the camp and came to town armed with a cavalry saber. This fellow imbibed very freely and finally became about half crazed with drink. Then he mounted his horse and drawing his saber rode about the streets, cutting and slashing at every thing that came in his way. He started from Main Plaza down Commerce street, whooping like a Comanche. He had only gone one block when Miss Nellie M— a beautiful yonug lady of that city, who was coming up Commerce street and was just in the act of crossing Victoria street when he negro ruffian, seeing her, attemped to ride her down, at the same time aiming a blow at her with his saber.

In her fright the young lady shrieked out the distress words of one of the secret organizations before referred to. There were a number of men standing along the walks and in store doors watching the negro, and a volley of shots rang out and the negro and his horse both fell together, and I do not suppose either of them knew what hrrt them. Somebody had the curiosity to examine the body of the negro, and found that twenty-four bullets had struck him. Fifty of sixty of us were arrested and arraigned before the local agent of the Freedman's bureau, but nothing came of it, and the cases against us were dismissed.

There were in San Antonio at the close of the war several men who, although they had served in the Confederate army, affiliated afterward with the Republican party for a time. Among these was Alexander Sweet, who some years later founded a humorous periodical known as Texas Siftings and published it in Austin, and which still later was moved to New York.

Alex was city attorney in San Antonio in Reconstruction days, and any ex-Confederate who was arraigned before the federal, municipal, or any other court on any charge was usually convicted, no matter what might be the evidence. When the Democrats finally came into power, Captain George S. Deats, a gallant ex-Confederate officer, was elected city recorder, but for some reason Alex Sweet, who was city attorney, held over for several months. Captain Deats knew little of the law, but he was a man of fine common sense. One day an ex-Confederate was arraigned before Captain Deats on some trivial charge, and Alex Sweet, in conducting the prosecution, attempted to introduce some evidence which the court ruled out. Then Mr Sweet arose and said: "But, your honor, let me read you the law on that point." Captain Deats replied: "Never mind, Mr. Sweet, we do not propose to have so much law and a little more justice in this court in future." Alex Sweet was a born humorist, but it was some time before he found it out himself. Soon after he established the Siftings at Austin, he went over to San Antonio to visit his parents, accompanied by his eldest son, a bright boy of perhaps ten years of age. They arrived after night and stopped at a hotel instead of going to the parental home. The next morning they started out for a stroll before breakfast, and on the corner of Military Plaza met Colonel James R. Sweet, who had gone to the market. I was talking to Colonel Sweet when Alex and his little son came up. After the greetings were over Colonel Sweet patted his little grandson on the head and remarked: "Alex, that is a mighty fine, bright boy—much brighter than you were at his age." To which Alex promptly responded: "Yes, I expect that is so, Pa; but just see the difference in the fathers of the two boys!" At which the old colonel laughed heartily and we all went to see a man.

(Editor's Note—Taylor Thompson, the writer of the above sketch, was a well known printer and newspaper man of pioneer days. He was also a scout and ranger, and wrote many sketches of his experiences on the frontier. During the last years of his life he sat in darkness, having become blind, and had to dictate most of his writings. His death occurred in 1922 at the Confederate Home in Austin, of which institution he had been an inmate for a number of years. From time to time we will publish his narratives and we are sure our readers will find every one of them interesting.)

Trail Drivers' Reunion Postponed.

The Old Time Trail Drivers' reunion, which was to have been held at San Antonio on October 4th and 5th, was postponed until November 2nd and 3rd, on account of the critical illness of Mrs. Geo. W. Saunders, wife of the president of the Association. We are pleased to announce that Mss. Saunders is now on the road to recovery, and all of the members are hoping she will be able to attend the reunion.

The demand for the first number of Frontier Times has been so great that all copies of that issue have been given out. Subscriptions will begin with the current number, as we cannot supply back numbers.

Indians poison arrow spikes by tying a chunk of liver on a stick and holding it near a rattlesnake, and when he has sunk his fangs in it several times they then stick the spikes in the poisoned liver. Very few Indian arrows, however, were poisonous, as they had to be carried separate and an Indian might make a mistake and kill game with one of them and so poison himself.

A Plea for County Historical Societies.

The time has surely come when the people of Texas should take more care in preserving the evidences of their own history. Every day old landmarks are destroyed; every day valuable papers which record the deeds and manner of living of early Texans are swept into the rubbish pile and burned; and every day the newspapers record the passing away of pioneer Texans in whose memory alone was recorded certain valuable information of the days of our fathers and grandfathers. So much is already irretrievably lost that we should bestir ourselves to collect and preserve as much as possible of what is left before it is too late.

To this end the undersigned committee was appointed by the Texas State Historical Association at its meeting in May, 1923, "to formulate an address to the citizens of each county in the State of Texas, urging them to organize in their respective counties a County Historical Society to be affiliated with the Texas State Historical Association."

In conformity with that resolution we wish to outline the advantages of such county organizations formed for the preservation of all historical facts and data relating to the county. The relics, curios, Indian, ethnological, and geological specimens can form the nucleus for a future local museum; and the historical data can be formulated into interesting and valuable monographs, which will be of vvalue to the local investigator and future writer of county histories, and to the student and worker in larger fields of endeavor, as a state history is necessarily made up of the history of smaller units.

An important function of such an organization is to work up papers to be read at the regular gatherings of the society. If, at each meeting, several well prepared papers are presented, each county organization can publish annually a pamphlet containing the most valuable contributions of the year and thus permanently preserve data which will be of inestimable value to the future historian of the county. It goes without saying that the local newspaper in each community will gladly publish any material of value read before the County Historical Society.

There is a movement on foot all over Texas for the establishment of museums, and this museum work can be carried forward by the County Historical Society.

It is not intended that this movement should in any way conflict with any existing local historical society. Where city or regional societies are already well established, such as the Dallas Historical Society, or the Panhandle-Plains Historical Society, and where for local reasons the existing institute seems more desirable than a new county society, no change should be attempted. But it seems highly desirable that these established organizations be brought into a closer relation with the general historical activities over the State, and we urge affiliation and co-operation.

Such patriotic organizations as are limited to certain specific purposes, as the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, the Confederate Veterans' Association, the American Legion, etc., should all assist and help the County Historical Society, as they can be mutually helpful to each other, since the County Historical Society may embrace the historical activities of all.

Affiliation with the Texas State Historical Association would be mutually advantageous. The county organization is not required in any way to assist the state organizaion financially, nor are any of the policies of the county organization to be dictated by the Texas State Historical Association. The latter is willing and anxious to encourage and assist the county organization in every way possible. Where advice and help are requested in organizing or in the literary work of the county organizations, the officers of the state organization will render every assistance possible. Where books and data of local significance are needed and are not available, the University of Texas, the State Library, the Texas State Historical Association Library, will be available for such data, and as far as practicable, books and phamplets, maps and documents can be sent direct to responsible parties in any county of the state, they simply paying postage for transmission.

The Texas State Historical Association feels that in promoting the organization of county historical societies, it is creating a sentiment for stronger state pride; fostering a love for the perpetua-

tion of the deeds of our pioneer forbears; and making more loyal citizens of those who have emigrated to this State from all over the world to find a peaceful and prosperous home in Texas—all made possible by the pioneers of Texas. Upon application, the secretary of the Texas State Historical Association, Dr. Charles W. Ramsdell, Austin, Texas, will forward a form for a local society constitution.

ALEX. DIENST, Temple, Texas.
CHAS.W. RAMSDELL, Austin,Tex.
GEO. W. TYLER, Belton, Texas.
ELIZABETH WEST, Austin, Texas

The Killing of Lieutenant Carter.

In 1860 a small party of Texas rangers, eight or ten in number and commanded by Capt. Cotten, left the town of Hamilton on an expedition against such Indians as they might find. Among the men were Lieutenant Carter, John Witcher, Grundy Morris and John Hurst. The other names are not ascertainable. After the party had been out for several days, John Witcher became separated from his companions one evening while riding too far ahead and was attacked by a large band of Indians. He put spurs to his horse and made the best speed he could and succeeded in getting clear of them without being wounded. Gaining a thicket he abandoned his horse and escaped into it. The Indians failed to follow him as it was now nearly night and contented themselves by taking his horse and saddle. As soon as his pursuers had gone, the ranger left his place of concealment and started to the town of Hamilton, 25 miles distant. After traveling about 20 miles he found himself at Hoover's ranch on the Cow House creek, having gone several miles out of his way; he then changed his course, as he supposed and traveled about 12 miles, but again found himself at the Cow House creek, about 10 miles below where he had first struck it. Once more he changed his course and about sunrise the next morning he reached the town of Hamilton, having traveled altogether about 35 miles during the night. He knew nothing of the fate of the other men.

Some of the citizens of Hamilton at once mounted their horses and set out to see how the other men had fared shonld they have come in contact with the Indians. The other men were found in the course of the day, bearing the body of Lieut.. Carter and two severely wounded men. Grundy Morris and John Hurst. They had fought a severe battle with the Indians who had chased Witcher. The other rangers were about a mile from him when attacked by the Indians, but knew nothing about it. They reached the place, where they intended camping for the night and were scattered around looking for a good position, when the Indians who had just attacked Witcher rode up with the intention, no doubt, of camping at the same place. It was a complete surprise for both parties, as neither had any knowledge of the presence of the other. Soon rangers and Indians were engaged in a regular wild cat fight, progressing in semi-darkness. Friend or foe could hardly be distinguished and both Indians and rangers continually uttered loud yells during the battle to let each other know friend from foe. The brunt of the fight at first was around Lieut. Carter and he soon fell with a dozen wounds. The fight lasted for some time and many of the Indians fell but were picked up and carried away as fast as they went down and their loss could not be ascertained. In the end the rangers were victors. Gathering their dead and wounded they moved back a short distance and spent the night on guard. Early next morning they set out and met the Hamilton party and for the first time learned of the narrow escape of Witcher. It was feared that he had been killed by the Indians. John Hurst was wounded in the side with an arrow which struck a rib and glancing around, fastened in the backbone where it remained for several days, the spike having pulled out when the shaft was withdrawn. When surgical aid was obtained it was drawn out and found to have the shape of a fish hook.

The death of Lieutenant Carter was a great loss to the country, for he was a brave man and ready to respond to every call in the defense of the frontier. Grundy Morris while badly wounded, recovered much sooner than Hurst.

FRONTIER TIMES

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Veteran James Hatch of 216 Cottonwood Avenue, San Antonio, writes us a good letter, and among other things, he says: "In 1880 I spent over a week in company of Judge Hunter of Goliad, a survivor of the Fannin Massacre at that place. To get the Judge to talk I was obliged to play dominoes with him every day, which you can imagine was rather dull amusement for a champion bronco buster of those days but I got the story from the Judge himself. I had heard so much of Judge Hunter I always wished to interview him. My father, John Hatch, born in 1828, was the first white child born in Texas, then under Mexican rule. My grandfather was confined as a political prisoner of Santa Anna in the old Mission Fortress, known as Old Labordee, three miles and across the river from the town of Goliad. He was liberated on the arrival of a Mexican officer from the City of Mexico with instructions from Santa Anna to set at liberty any prisoner who was a Mason, but to line up and shoot all others. It was on my grandfather's plantation the celebrated duel was fought between Albert Sidney Johnson and Felix Huston. After the fight General Johnson was carried into Grandfather's home, where he established his temporary headquarters, being attended by Dr. January, who, with my uncle, Davis W. Hatch, afterwards enlisted with Mustang Gray (real name Bernard Lyle) and fought through the Mexican-Texan War. My father, being too young to enlist, later enrolled under Jack Hays in the Texas Rangers. I have made many records in the hope of perpetuating the Spartan heroism of those old frontiersmen. In 1870 a poem I wrote on the death of our late Confederate General, J. C. B. Stuart, was published in the two newspapers of Calhoun county—the Indianola Bulletin and the Port Lavaca Commercial. The cyclone of 1875 destroyed Indianola nad ended the Bulletin's career, while the Commercial died when Galveston reached San Antonio by rail and Galveston became the seaport for all of West Texas. I have written up all the great vendettas existing in Texas for the past half century, giving cause and recording the names of all warring parties. I believe the gun days of Texas were its real days. A man's word was his bond. No man was held up for his money, men paid their bills promptly; a horse thief was promptly hung; every man constituted any lady's defender, and in those days in Texas woman was queen and men her willing vassals."

WITH THE PIONEERS.

Wm . B. Krempkau, secretary and treasurer of the Pioneer Freighters' Association, 624 Morales street, San Antonio, writes: "My father served with Jack Hays and Big Foot Wallace, and two of my cousins went with Jack Hays from San Antonio to San Francisco in 1849."

We are in receipt of a letter from Mrs. Emma L. Lee of Louise, Wharton county, Texas. Mrs. Lee says she wants Frontier Times to visit her regularly. Her husband, B. P. Lee, who died at Goldthwaite in 1912, was an Indian fighter and ranger, and was in the battle of Dove Creek, which occurred in January,1865. An account of this desperate fight will be published in an early number of this magazine.

George W. Saunders, president of the Old Time Trail Drivers' Association, San Antonio, writes: "Frontier Times is fine. Everybody is pleased with it."

J. M. Sampson of Los Angeles, Calif., writes us to send Frontier Times to his address. He says: "I am a Texan and appreciate Texas early days adventures, as my ancestors participated in some of the early day happenings with the Sul Ross rangers."

Capt. James B. Gillett, Marfa, Texas, writes: "Frontier Times is good. Keep it coming."

Veteran O. Streigler, a pioneer citizen of Menard county, died on September 26. Mr. Streigler was born in Denmark in 1839, came to Texas in 1855, and settled in Fredericksburg. He served in the Confederate Army throughout the Civil War. In 1866 he moved to Fort McKavett, was married to Mrs. Lucy Roberts on October 12, 1869. To this union were born six children, all of whom are now prominent citizens ofWest Texas.

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